

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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EDMUND DEACON,  
HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1864.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 1, 1857.  
WHOLE NUMBER 10,000.

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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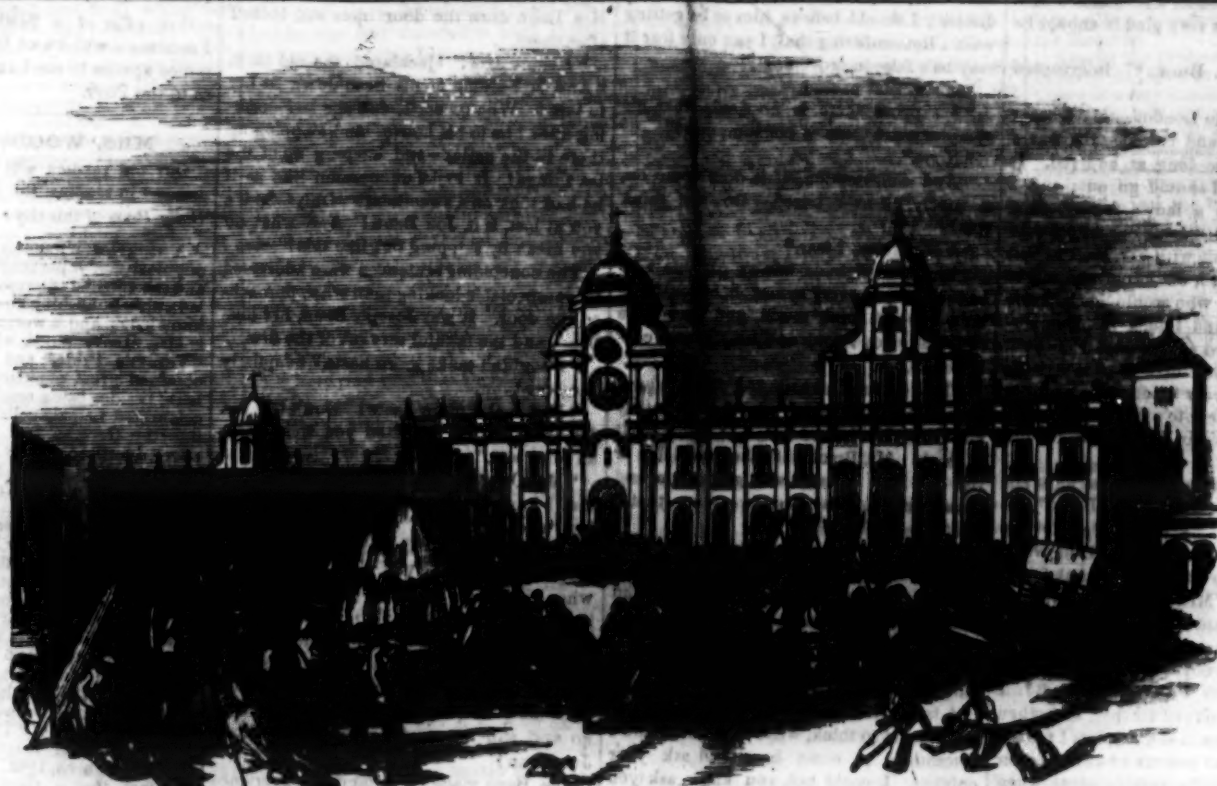
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If Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

### Margaret Sings at the Window.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVE. POST,  
FROM GÖTHE'S "FAUST."

There was a king in Thule  
Right faithful unto the grave;  
To whom his mistress, dying,  
A golden beaker gave.  
Was naught to him more precious,  
He drained it at every hour;  
His eyes with tears ran over  
As oft as he drank thereof.  
And when he felt him dying,  
His children he reckoned up;  
His all to his heir ungrudging  
He gave, but not the cup.  
To kingly feast he set him,  
Midst knights of high degree,  
In the lofty hall of his fathers,  
In castle by the sea.  
Where stood the old carouser,  
Drank off his last life's glow;  
Then tossed the holy beaker  
Into the food below.  
He watched it falling, drinking,  
Deep sinking in the sea;  
His eyes with it were sinking,  
Never drop more drank he. L. H.

THE GOOD SIDE.—When any one was speaking ill of another in the presence of Peter the Great, he at first listened to him attentively, and then interrupted him: "Is there not," he asked, "a fair side also to the character of the person of whom you are speaking? Come, tell me what good qualities you have remarked about him."



THE CHURCH AT SANTIAGO, CHILE: AS IT APPEARED BEFORE ITS RECENT DESTRUCTION BY FIRE.

Not many weeks have elapsed since the civilized world was pained with the news of the burning of one of the churches in Santiago, the pleasant capital of the Republic

of Chile, South America, with the loss of more than 3,000 persons—principally of the female sex. In the small space of a quarter of an hour, this awful catastrophe was over.

Everything that could tend to produce such a disaster had been combined by the carelessness of custom. The most inflammable materials in the closest contact with fire, a dense

crowd of women in light full dresses packed together in a building from which, after the first moment of alarm, escape was almost impossible.

## OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "VERMILION PAINT," "THE SHADOW OF AHELYDYAT," "SQUIRE TREVELL'S HEIR," "THE MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

### PART XXII.

COMPANY FOR MR. OSWALD CRAY.

For some days subsequent to the interview with Neal, and that valuable servant's startling communication, Mr. Oswald Cray remained in what may be called a sea of confusion. The unhappy circumstances attendant on Lady Oswald's death never left his mind, the strange suspicions first arising naturally, as they did arise, and then augmented by Neal's disclosure, seemed to be ever waging hot war within him, for they were entirely antagonistic to sober reason, to his life-long experience of Dr. Davenal.

It cannot be denied that Oswald Cray, calm of temperament, sound of judgment though he was, did fall into the snare that the web of events had woven around him; and, in the midnight watches, when things wear to our senses a weird, ghostlike hue, the disagreeable word, murder, suggested itself to him often than he would have cared to confess in broad, matter-of-fact daylight. But as the days went on, his senses came to him. Reason reasserted her empire, and he flung the dark doubt from him, as unworthy of himself and the present enlightened age. It was impossible to connect such a crime with Dr. Davenal.

But still, though Oswald Cray shook off the worst view, he could not shake off the circumstances and their suspicion. Perhaps it was next to impossible, knowing what he did know of the doctor's sentiments as to chloroform, hearing as he had heard, Neal's account of the words spoken at the midnight interview, that he should shake them off. They turned and twisted themselves about in his mind in spite of his will; he would have given much to get rid of them, but he could not. Now taking one phase, now another, now looking dark, now light, there they were, like so many phantoms, ever springing up from different corners of his mind, and putting legitimate thoughts out of it. Up and in bed, at work or at rest, were those conflicting arguments ever dancing attendance on him, until from sheer perplexity his brain would seem to lose its subtle powers, and grow dull in very weariness. But the worst aspect of the affair gradually lost its impression, and reason

drove away the high colors of imagination.

The conclusion to which he at length came, and in which he finally settled down, was, that Dr. Davenal had been in a partial degree guilty. He could not think he had given that chloroform to Lady Oswald with the deliberate view of taking her life, as some of our worst criminals have taken lives; but he did believe there was some hidden culpability attached to it. Could it have been given in forgetfulness?—or by way of experiment?—or carelessly? Oswald Cray asked himself those questions ten times in a day. No, no, reason answered; Dr. Davenal was not a man to forget, or to experimentalise, or to do things carelessly. And then, with the answer, rose the one dark, awful doubt again, tormenting him not less with its shadows than with its preposterous absurdity.

What clung to his mind more than all the rest, was, that he could see no solution, or chance of solution to the question of why chloroform was administered, why even it was taken to the house. Had Dr. Davenal frankly answered him when questioned, "I thought, in spite of my conversation with you, that chloroform might be ventured upon with safety; that it would ease her sufferings, and was absolutely necessary to calm her state of excitement," why, he could have had no more to say, however lamenting the fatal effect. But Dr. Davenal had answered nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he had been mysterious over it, and at length flatly refused to satisfy him at all. So far as Oswald Cray could see, there was no other solution, then or ever, that could be arrived at, save that the chloroform had been administered wilfully and deliberately. If so, then with what view had Dr. Davenal—

At this point Oswald Cray always pulled his thoughts up, or strove to do so, and plunged desperately into another phase of the affair, as if he would run away from dangerous ground. Once he caught himself wondering whether, if the doctor had been deliberately guilty, it lay in his duty—his, Oswald Cray's—to bring him to account for it. No living being save himself, so far as he knew, had been cognizant of Dr. Davenal's strong opinion of chloroform, as applied to Lady Oswald. Ought he, then, not only in the obligation which lies upon all honest men to bring crime to light, but as a connection to Lady Oswald's, ought he to be the Nemesis, and denounce—

With a quicker beating of the heart, with a burning flush upon his brow, Oswald Cray started from the train of thought. Into what strange gulf was it carrying him? Ah! not though it had been his fate to see the crime committed, and to know that it was a crime, would he be the one to bring it home to Richard Davenal? The man whom he had so respected; the father of her who possessed his best love, and who

would possess it in spite of his efforts to withdraw it, for all time? No; not against him could his hand be raised in judgment.

In spite of his efforts to withdraw his love? Had it come to that with Oswald Cray? Indeed it had. He could not fathom the affair, it remained to him utterly incomprehensible, but that Dr. Davenal was in some way or other compromised by it, terribly compromised, seemed as plain as the sun at noonday. And Mr. Oswald Cray, in his haughty spirit, his besetting pride, decided that he could no longer be on terms of friendship with him, and that Sara Davenal must be no wife of his.

What it cost him to come to this resolution of casting her adrift, none save Heaven knew. The struggle remained on his memory for years afterwards as the sorest pain life had ever brought him. It was the bitter turning-point which too many of us have to arrive at and pass; the dividing link which dashes away the sunny moods, the flowery paths of life's young romance, and sends us stumbling and shivering in our cruel awakening down the stony road of reality. None knew, none ever would know, what that struggle was to Oswald Cray.

Not a struggle as to the course he should pursue—the breaking off of relations with her; never for a single moment did he hesitate in that. The struggle lay with his feelings, with his own heart, where she was entwined with its very fibre, part and parcel of its very self. He strove to put her out of his mind, and she would not be put out. There she remained, and he was conscious that there she would remain for many a dreary year to come.

But for his overweening pride, how different things might have been! He was too just a man to include Sara in the doctor's—dare he say it?—crime. Although Neal had said that Miss Sara Davenal had been made cognizant of it, Oswald did not visit upon her one iota of blame. She was no more responsible for the doctor's acts than he was, neither could she help them. No, he did not cast a shadow of reproach upon her; she had done nothing to forfeit his love; but she was her father's daughter, and therefore, so fit wife for him. One whose pride was less in the ascendant than Mr. Oswald Cray's, whose self-esteem was less sensitively fastidious, might have acted upon this consciousness of her immaturity from blame and set himself to see whether there was not a way out of the dilemma, rather than have given her up, off-hand, at the very first onset. He might have gone in his candor to Dr. Davenal and said, "I love your daughter; I had wished to make her my wife; tell me frankly and confidentially, is there a reason why I, an honorable man, should not?" Not so Mr. Oswald Cray and his haughty pride. Without a single moment of hesitation, he shook himself free from all future contact with the daughter of Dr. Davenal, just as he was trying to shake her from his heart. Never

more, never more, might he look forward to the life of happiness he had been wont to picture.

It was a cruel struggle, cruel to him; and the red flush of shame mantled to his brow as he thought of the binding words he had spoken to her, and the dishonor that must accrue to him in breaking them. There was not a man on the face of the earth whose sense of honor was more keen than Oswald Cray's, who was less capable of wilfully doing ought to tarnish it; and yet that tarnishing was thrust upon him. Any way, it seemed that a great stain must fall upon it. To take one to be his wife whose father was a suspected man, would be a blotch indeed; and to slip through the words he had spoken, never more to take notice of her or them, was scarcely less so. He felt it keenly; he, the man of unblemished conduct; and, it may be said, of unblemished heart.

But still, he did not for a moment hesitate. Great as the pain was to himself, little as she, in her innocence, deserved that the slight should be inflicted on her, he never wavered in that which he knew must be. The only question that arose to him was, how it should be best done. Should he speak to her?—or should he gradually drop all intimacy and let the fact become known to her in that way? Which would be the kinder course? That the separation would be productive of the utmost pain to her as to him, that she loved him with all the fervor of a first and pure attachment, he knew; and he felt for her to his heart's core. He hated himself for having to inflict this pain, and he heartily wished, as things had turned out, that he had never yielded to the pleasure of becoming intimate at Dr. Davenal's. Well, which should be his course? Oswald Cray sat over his fire one cold evening after business was over, and deliberated upon it. He leaned his elbow on the arm of his chair, and bent his cheek on his hand, and gazed abstractedly on the blaze. He shrank from the very idea of speaking to her. No formal engagement existed between them: it had been implied more than spoken; and he would be scarcely justified in saying to her, "I cannot marry you now," considering that he had never in so many words asked her to marry him at all. It might be regarded as a gratuitous insult.

But, putting that aside, he did not see his way clear to speak to her. What reason could he give for his withdrawal? He could not set it down to his own caprice; and he could not—no, he could not—put forth to her the plea of her father's misconduct. He began to think it might be better to maintain silence, and so let the past and its words die away. If—

He was aroused from his train of thought by the entrance of a woman—a woman in a black bonnet and sleeves turned up to the elbow, with a rather crusty expression of face. This was Mrs. Benn, the housekeeper, cleaner, cook of the house. It did not lie in Mrs. Benn's province to wait on Mr. Oswald

Cray, or she would probably have asked herself more in accordance with her duty, to lay in her husband's way, and to let him out this evening by Mr. Oswald Cray on business connected with the firm. On cleaning days—and they occurred twice in the week—Mrs. Benn was wont to descend in the morning into the kitchen, and keep it on until she was told to bed. It was not until she was told to bed, that she was to be in the kitchen and the linen closet; but was washed right on the top of her head, into a tub; and Mrs. Benn was under a firm persuasion that this kept her hair and her cap free from the dust she was wont to take in sweeping. She was about forty, but looked fifty, and her face had got a patch of black lead upon it, and a red lead stain a rust in her cheek upon.

"Wouldn't you like the things taken away, sir?" she asked in a tone as crisp as her face; "I am waiting to wash 'em up."

This recalled Oswald Cray's notice to the fact that the remains of his dinner were yet upon the table. He believed he had sung for them to be taken away when he turned to the fire; and there he had sat with his back to them since, never noticing that nobody had come to do it. It was now a little past seven, and Mrs. Benn had grown angry and indignant at the waiting.

"I declare I thought they had gone away," he said. "I suppose the bell did not ring. I am sure I touched it."

"No bell have rung at all," returned Mrs. Benn, resentfully. "I stood down there with my hands above me till the clock had gone seven, and then I thought I'd come up and see what was keeping 'em. You haven't eat much this evening, sir," she added, looking at the dish of steak and the potatoes. "I don't think you have eat much lately. Don't you feel well?"

"Well, I am very well," he replied carelessly, rising from his chair and stretching himself. "Is Benn not back yet?"

"No, he is not back," she returned, her tone becoming rather an explosive one, boding no good for the absent Mr. Benn. "He don't seem to hurry himself, he don't, though he knows if he didn't get back I should have to come up here; and very fit I be on my cleaning days to appear before a gentleman."

"Is it necessary to clean in a bonnet?" asked Oswald quickly.

"It's necessary to clean in something, sir, to protect one's head from the dust and stuff that collects. One would wonder where it comes from, all in a week. I used to tie a apron over my cap, but it was always coming off, or else blowing its corners into the way of one's eyes."

Oswald laughed. He remembered the apron era, and the guy Mrs. Benn looked. For twelve years had she and her husband been the servants of that house. Formerly, Mr. Bracknell, an old bachelor, had lived in it, and Benn and his wife waited on him as they now did on Mr. Oswald Cray.

"Would you like tea this evening, sir?" she inquired. For sometimes Oswald took tea and sometimes he did not.

"Yes; if you bring it up directly. I am going out."

She went away with her tray of things. Down the first flight of stairs, past the offices, and down again to the kitchen. The ground floor of this house in Parliament street was occupied by the offices of the firm, and partially so the floors above. Oswald Cray had two or three rooms for his own use; his sitting-room, not a very large one, being on the first floor.

His train of thought had been broken by the woman, and he did not recall it. He stepped into an adjoining apartment, lighted a shaded lamp, sat down, and began examining a drawing of some projected improvements in an engine boiler. Pencil in hand, he was deep in tubes, cylinders, wheels, and various other mysteries pertaining to engineering, when he heard Mrs. Benn and the tea-tray. He finished marking off certain lines and strokes on a blank sheet of paper—which he did after a queer fashion, his eyes fixed on the drawing, and his fingers only appearing to guide the pencil—before he went in.

He had not hurried himself, and the tea must be getting cold. Mrs. Benn was in the habit of making it down stairs, so that he had no trouble. It was by no means a handsome tea equipage—partly belonging, in fact, to Mrs. Benn herself. The teapot was black, with a chipped spout; and the milk-jug was black, with a fray on its handle; and the china tea-cup was cracked across. Oswald's china tea-service had been handsome once—or rather Mr. Bracknell's, for it was to that gentleman the things in the house belonged; but Mrs. Benn had what she herself called a "heavy hand at break-











## THE COMFORTER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(The following lines were suggested by an incident related in "Twelfth Street Meeting," by an English Quaker lady, who has recently been visiting the military hospitals, and addressing our sick and wounded soldiers. Without further remark, it is hoped the verse below will suffice to tell the simple story:—)

A young soldier lay silent and pale,  
And the wounded, the sick, and the dying;  
And the spectral shadows of death  
On his fair face all coldly were lying.  
They said he had died on the field,  
And the dead who around him did slumber,  
So still, so deathlike, so still,  
That they deemed he was one of their number.  
But when he saw by a transient quiver  
Which passed o'er his face—that the soul  
Still glowed o'er it passed the dark river.  
Then there moved 'mid that chamber of woe,  
The dimpled cheek of a woman,  
And her heart that was warm,  
That could hear the cry of the human.  
So she came to that soldier's couch,  
And she told her love to address him,  
And she gazed on his sad shrunken face,  
And she tenderly bent down to bless him:  
Then there came o'er her womanly heart  
A glow from the Heavenly Spirit,  
And she knew in the depths of her soul  
That the power of the Highest was near it,  
So she hid her kind hand on the brow  
Of that poor stricken soldier so lonely,  
And she breathed out a prayer without words,  
For the soul of the Holy One only.  
Then the eyes of the dying one opened,  
And his spirit that soft touch did warm,  
As the ripples wake on the stream,  
When his gaze by the soft breeze is shaken:  
Then she said—and her voice was as mild  
As the sound of the breeze through the willow—  
"It is Jesus who makes the death-bed  
More soft than the down of the pillow!"  
Holy words!—to the cold ear of death,  
God made them the voice of another,  
And a smile lit the soldier's sad face,  
And he looked up, and gently said, "Mother!"  
Ah! he thought that warm hand on his brow,  
And the form that so love-like bent o'er him,  
Could belong to no other on earth  
Except the dear mother who bore him;  
So a smile lit the soldier's young face,  
As soft as the moonbeams that quiver  
When evening is lovely and calm,  
On the breast of the soft-flowing river;  
And he whispered—"I'm going to be  
With Jesus, dear mother! and aching,"  
He smiled in his kind face, and passed  
From this world of the dead and the dying.

Oh! beautiful spirit of Love!  
Who speak'st to earth's sad sons and daughters  
In the voice of the Heavenly Dove,  
When they draw nigh to death's darksome waters;  
For greater than conqueror's power  
The night to thine influence gives,  
Which comforts in death's gloomy hour,  
And opens the portals of heaven.

FRANK.

## "OUT WEST."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MRS. JAMES.

Mrs. Emily Sunderland, "nee" Bennett, came hastily into our house the other day, severely waiting to knock—I could see by the excited manner of the little madam that something was on her mind. Always inclined to humanity and tenderness of heart, I seated myself in an attitude of listening, and said,  
"What is it?"  
"Why, Nellie! I've been reading over some of your old letters, and they really prove the old adage 'Truth is stranger than fiction,' they make a prime love story. Now do select those which form a continued narrative, and send them off to be published."

"Well, I will on one condition."  
"Name it!"  
"That you allow me afterwards to write out the story of your love and marriage."

Emily only hesitated a moment; she had asked me to make public a portion of my life's experience; and could not without appearing selfish, refuse her own.

Her impetuous nature not admitting of delay, we sat down immediately to the examination of a very voluminous package of letters, from which we made the following selections:

N—, KANSAS, Aug. 25th, '64.

My Dearest Emily—Now do not open your little eyes wide with astonishment and surprise. Oh, Romeo! Romeo! where art thou? I, my dear friend, I am still within the domain of civilization; though far away from New York, with all its gaiety and polish, its bright surface and undercurrent of villainies and vices.

I am in the little village of N—, situated on the north bank of the Kansas river, and quite a hundred miles from the great city (that is to be) of Leavenworth. I have called N— a village, but I assure you it is a great city; not only on the maps of the town site, where it presents itself

with regularly laid off streets, numbered and named; but also in the imagination of every one of its inhabitants, and likewise in the minds of numerous stockholders in the east.

The scene which really presents, is a beautiful and extensive plain, on one side the Kansas river, the remaining three bounded by hills, now covered with tall grass, only here and there a few trees to relieve the monotony.

Scattered over the town site, you will find a few houses and several tents, which you can scarcely imagine would shelter the numerous persons, principally of the sterner sex, whom you may see moving about, seemingly intent on some pursuit.

But I expect you are growing impatient to know how I, who only two months ago was the reigning belle of a fashionable circle then gathering for the summer at a gay watering place, should be now a denizen of the wilderness. 'Tis the old story, a turn of the wheel of fortune leaves those who have long sported in the sunshine on the heights of prosperity, down in the vale of poverty, to struggle with adversity's rough winds. I know so much of the hollow professions, the heartlessness of society in general, that had I not seen down into the inner depths of your true and nobler nature, my long tried friend, I should scarcely have ventured to address you now that I can no longer lay claim to membership of the charmed circle of which you are the favorite.

But I cannot doubt your affection, or your sympathy. So I will describe in brief the scene which met me on my sudden recall from Saratoga. The girls who were at home for vacation in tears; mamma in hysterics; papa pacing the floor in an agony of self-accusation; servants standing about listening and whispering and consulting; while the house was all in disorder. The cause of all this tumult I found to be papa's sudden and complete failure, caused by the departure of his partner in a steamer for Europe, with all the funds which he could collect and borrow in the name of the firm.

"Will it take everything, papa?" said I, summoning up my falling courage.  
"Everything; what a fool I was, to allow my natural and fostered indolence to betray me into such trust of a scoundrel!"  
"You cannot help it now, papa. But is there no piece of land, no farm in the country, where we can go for a while?"  
"Nothing but that worthless piece of Kansas property, the deed to which I had made out in little Jamie's name, thinking it might possibly be of some value twenty years from now. I took it only to oblige an old customer, who was otherwise unable to pay a debt of long standing."

Even while papa talked, the idea of emigration had seized upon my active brain, and in the contemplation of the romance of a life so different from anything to which I had been accustomed, and of which I had gathered many romantic ideas from books, my imagination revelled, losing sight of what to the others seemed a dreadful calamity. I knew when papa had done speaking, though scarcely what he said, and continued:

"But I wish you would make inquiries. Perhaps it is more valuable than you suppose; and, in our changed circumstances, do you not think we should be happier far away from here?"

"I have not yet thought much about it, but I suppose we must begin to consider soon. Something must be done; we shall be obliged to leave this house in a few days or weeks at farthest. I must begin the world where my father did before me. I do not mind myself or the boys, but my daughters and your mother."

"Oh! we shall be the better for it, no doubt," said I. At which Jennie's and Clara's tears began to flow afresh, and mamma fainting; and in buying myself to revive her, I for a time lost sight of my western project. But when she again recovered, papa having gone out, I engaged myself inspiring them all with my own eagerness to emigrate, relating all the beautiful and romantic things I had ever read of the west and western life, and succeeded so well, that when papa reported that upon inquiry he found his claim situated contiguous to a rising village, and would, if we were all willing to accompany, or remain while he ventured alone to prepare the way, carry out a stock of dry goods and groceries, and become a retail merchant on a small scale, all voted to go, and go immediately. And that is why we came. But I must close this long epistle and retire, for I assure you I am now no idle butterfly, but a hard-working, busy bee, to whom each night's rest is necessary to renew the falling strength for the day's labor.

Write to me soon. Adieu.

Your friend, NELLIE ARMSTRONG.

N—, Kansas T., Sept. 16.

Dearest Emily—I have not yet received an answer to my former letter, nor is it time for me to expect one; but my thoughts have been about you all day; and now that my daily duties are performed, and the whole household, excepting myself, wrapped in the embrace of the drowsy god, I take out my paper and pen, and my fingers instinctively trace the letters of your name, and I begin again my narrative of our fitting. It is not necessary to describe our journey—

know all about travelling by steamboat and rail; and we had no remarkable adventures, no hair-breadth escapes, and consequently no handsome and youthful deliveries. Even the stage in the Missouri river kept a respectful distance, and the sandbars demanded themselves in the manner. In our travels I had, however, we were destined to have our beautiful and romantic visions somewhat toned down. The weather was intensely warm, and the heat of the sun almost intolerable, as we rode over the rough roads in an old rickety stage-coach. How we longed for the going down of the sun, and how grateful we were for a single room in the little log hotel, the whole house scarcely as large as one of our parlors in the old home. Poor mamma—accustomed all her life to ease and every luxury—could scarcely restrain her tears; and had I not known that she would have suffered more in her wounded pride at daily austerities and mortifications had we remained, I should have blamed myself severely as the instigator of our western movement. At the close of the second day we reached the scene of our future home, at the sight of which even my courage gave way, and a doleful array of female faces we must have presented to the wondering group who stood around the hotel—very small, yet an improvement upon our last night's resting place.

And now we were at the end of our journey, and were allowed to rest a few days; while papa, with the aid of his future friends and neighbors, prepared our house. Shall I describe it to you? A large log cabin, with two rooms below stairs, one of which served as a kitchen, laundry, etc., the other dining-room and parlor. Above stairs there are three apartments, mamma's, one for the boys, while Jennie, Clara, and myself occupy the other. The house is nowhere plastered, but will be ere the cold weather begins. Brussels carpets and velvet tapestry are rather out of place in a log cabin, but we had no other; and then the walls of our parlor and mamma's room are covered with our old damask curtains, which give it rather a homelike appearance. We brought too the sofa and chairs which stood in our dining-room at the old home. They give us rather a stylish appearance in these parts. I assure you, so much so that one of our neighbors was heard to say the "was offered them Armstrongs was big bug!" But I must tell you something more astonishing than all. We have not a single servant! In fact we have no room for any if it were possible to procure one. Of course we girls relieve mamma of all care. I, myself, am head housekeeper; and indeed, dear Emily, I must confess it rather a fall from the flights of fancy concerning western life, with its roaming through woods and over prairies, seeing the noble Indian, and learning simplicity from communing with uncultivated nature, this looking after daily bread, compounding of Johnny cake, a staple article in this country, learning to dress and cook poultry, make bread and all the necessary articles of household economy. To be sure I have two able assistants. Then I have no time to grieve over the past, every moment is fully occupied, and there is a sweet reward in papa's smile of approbation. He takes me into all his schemes now, and I am pleased to be able to tell you that he sees a bright future before him. He has already been obliged to order an additional stock of goods, and will, I hope at some day, be relieved of all pecuniary difficulties, and probably secure a competence for the calm enjoyment of the days to come, when his locks are silvered and his eyes grow dim. We have been invited to a party next Thursday night, and papa proposes to escort us, so we shall probably go, but I must again say my good-night.

Write soon to your old friend NELLIE.

N—, K. T., Oct. 8th, '65.  
My Dearest Emily—Your very kind letter was received to-day, with oh how glad a welcome. I thank you very much for your tender sympathy with us in our misfortunes; it is sweet to know we have so true a friend, but in the future, my dear, you may reserve your pity for those who need it. We are growing quite contented, and even very happy. As household duties become familiar they become less onerous, and as there are three of us, we have learned to dispatch them in "short measure," and then we are ready to enjoy ourselves galloping over the prairies on fleet ponies with a handsome and gentlemanly escort. Indeed our Jennie is becoming quite a flirt, but then the temptation is very hard to resist, where there are so many eligible, and where ladies are "like angels visit few and far between." Our house is the envy and admiration of masculinity for miles around, because it contains few women. Why! even the Misses Saiffies, who live over the river, one of them cross-eyed, and the other pigeon-toed, are not suffered to languish in obscurity, but are regularly ferried over to every meeting, sewing society or party which occurs by admiring swains bent on making themselves agreeable, and might, if they did not consult their mirror, which I presume they do, as it is a falling of young ladies in general, suppose themselves handsome or even beautiful. Yes! we are growing quite satisfied with our new mode of existence; there is a peculiar charm in this free, wild life, where we may sing or laugh until the

disturbance of our music, and no Mrs. Grundy to call us to account for it. Let me relate a laughable adventure which occurred to day:

We were all busy at our morning's work, Jennie washing dishes, Clara ironing, and myself sweeping, and all singing to the full extent of our vocal powers, when a knock was heard at the front door; being the nearest to the abode of solitude, I myself opened it, and there stood a fine specimen of the genus-homo with a carpet-bag in his hand. I knew he was a stranger by his beaver; they don't last long in Kansas, the wind having a peculiar fancy for carrying them far over the prairie. But there stood the gentleman, and though I feared he had mistaken our cabin for a boarding-house, I invited him to come in and take a seat. He did so, and then in rather an embarrassed manner said, "I fear I have mistaken the place, but in order to explain my intrusion, will state to you that my errand was to find a washerwoman." I referred him to several who were in the habit of performing such services for disconsolate young bachelors. "No," said he, "I have called at nearly every house on the town site this morning, and only meet with disappointment; I fear I shall have to turn laundress myself." "I am very sorry for you," said I, "but we are such novices in household duties that I could not think of undertaking additional labor, or I should try to oblige you." "Thank you; please excuse me for intruding;" and he retired, much to the relief of the girls, who were ready to explode with laughter, having heard all our conversation.

What beautiful moonlight nights we have here, such a softened yet brilliant light as Luna pours on this portion of Mother Earth, and how long the winter lingers; when the chill north wind blows for a day or two, and we begin to think cold weather is coming, the south wind again obtains the supremacy, and with his balmy breezes sends the old North king back to his pole; but again I say good-bye, with much love remaining. Your friend, NELLIE.

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N—, K. T., March 15th, '67.

My Dear, Dear Friend—How shall I write to you the sad, sad news, and yet my heart is full of many, many things I would say to you, and you are no doubt wondering at my silence. Emily, we have laid our dear mother in the cold damp earth. Those loving eyes that ever looked in kindness on her children, are now forever closed. That patient heart, which after the first shock of distress was over, never murmured or complained during all our privations, is now forever stilled. A sudden change in the weather brought her a severe cold, which settled down upon her lungs, and medical skill was unavailing to remove it. Three weeks ago they carried her mortal remains, that form of clay which we had learned to love so well, out on the prairie, not far from the house—I can see the spot from here—and there it was hidden from our sight.

Oh how we miss her! I who am her oldest child, and shared most of her confidence, am stricken dumb with grief, and have not words to console him who feels her loss most deeply.

The child grieves sincerely, but the future opens bright before him; new ties, and new interests, and new loves will wear away the first bitterness of grief; but to the truly wedded, how ruthless the hand that bears away its mate for many years. The very soul seems rent in twain. My father! Oh, my father! thine will be a lonely, desolate life. But a little time ago, and he was all joy and hope, now he seems twenty years older. The great object of his labors to render my mother's declining years easy and comfortable is gone.

Yet we have one true friend, one who in our day of laughter and glee, of happiness and frolic, though with us seemed not one of us, yet in our grief has assumed the post of director and comforter, I mean my father's clerk, Ernest Harwood.

Before, though with us at meal-time, he invariably left immediately after, in the day time to his business and in the evening to his studies. He is preparing himself for admission to the bar.

He seemed pleased enough, conversed well, but never evinced any particular interest in our welfare, but now, how changed! Every moment of his precious time is spent in trying to lessen our sorrow, and point us to the only true source of consolation, the Bible and our Saviour. To me, his attentions are doubly grateful. Papa looks to me for comfort, and the girls for an example of fortitude; and I fear my weak strength would fail, were not a strong earthly arm vouchsafed whereon I may lean till the storm of grief be spent. Shall we ever be happy again I wonder! It seems impossible with that cherished face forever hidden. Pray for me, dearest, and write if you can a word of consolation to

Your stricken friend,

NELLIE ARMSTRONG.

N—, K. T., June 20th, '67.

My Dearest Emily: You inquire about Ernest H—; as I have not mentioned him for several months. He is still with us, and endeavoring himself more and more, by the sterling traits of character, the noble sentiments, and generous feelings which daily intercourse betrays. He has never relaxed into his old habits of reserve, but seems to

be one of us, spending the early part of every evening with us, returning to his books however promptly as the clock strikes nine. "I have no time to spare," says he, "the difficulties which beset me in the pursuit of knowledge in my early years have made my progress slow, yet patience and perseverance will yet accomplish unaided what would have been an easy task with the usual assistance."

Only think of it; he never was in school but two terms, long enough to learn to read and write, and commit the multiplication-table, and yet he is at home in every science, and well versed in literature—and is now pursuing the study of law, though scarcely thirty years old. Oh how blessed seem all my advantages by the side of such attainments. In very shame, I take out my old school-books and recommit the lessons which I once endeavored to learn. But I never told you that Ernest was the knight of the saddle lines, did I! Well he is, and says he went to the river, emptied his carpet-bag, and scrubbed and rubbed those shins; but the longer he washed the dirtier they grew, till finally a good Samaritan of a woman passing by, took pity on him, and poured balsam upon his wounds by doing his washing for him.

Adieu, NELLIE.

N—, K. T., Sept. 25th, '67.

My Dear Emily—You, who have been my confidante in trouble, shall hear first my tale of joy. Even before my sisters shall you be preferred. Ernest, my noble Ernest, the man above all others whom I respect, honor and love, has asked me to become the companion of the bright day which is dawning upon his morning of clouds. I have sometimes wished it might be so, yet scarcely dared to hope that I, who am so unworthy even his brotherly love, might fill the highest place in his heart. But it is even so. To-day he was admitted to the bar, and to-night for the first time lingered after his usual hour of departure. "Will you walk with me, Nellie?" said he abruptly, amid papa's congratulations on his success to-day. My only answer was to rise and take the proffered arm, and we passed forth into the bright moonlight, two lives hereafter to be blest in one.

"Nellie," said Ernest, "for the past few months I have had a new motive for exertion, a new incentive in the struggle to raise myself from the obscurity in which I was born. It is the hope that this hand I now take may one day be my own, that the bright, happy sunshine of your life may shine upon my rugged path of toil. Tell me, Nellie, have I hoped in vain?" I did not withdraw the hand he held, and henceforth I am to have a guide, strong, true, brave, and tender on my journey of life. There are some persons whose presence calls forth all the evil traits in my nature; pride, envy, ill temper, who vex me constantly and unconsciously in every speech and movement, but with my Ernest every good and noble feeling is called forth, every high and holy emotion. Patience possesses my spirit, and love rules my actions. We shall wait one year for Ernest to become established in his profession ere we take upon us the solemn vows of wedded life. Good-night, I must sleep. Your best friend, NELLIE.

P. S. to the above tale:—

The year rolled swiftly on. The blessed time of union came, and we left the old homestead, and dwelt in a neat white cottage by our happy selves. Four winters, with their snows and chilly winds, have come and gone, yet blighted not our love; four summers brought us on their balmy wings new joy.

Prosperity, the certain fruit of industry, perseverance, integrity, and ability, has come to Ernest in the practice of his profession. Fame and popularity are his, yet he is still the same. No temptation can move the firm rock of honor on which my happiness is based.

LEARNT BY HEART.

One beguiling and one beguiled,  
A bearded man by a mere slim child;  
Two blue eyes 'neath a scarlet hood;  
Two forms under a tree in the wood:

Two blue eyes may beguile a king,  
Golden hair is a dangerous thing,  
And an artful glance oft seemeth shy,  
Lure to attract a lover's eye:

Two names cut in the beech-tree deep,  
Two young hearts in a flutter keep;  
Clasped hands lingering on the bark—  
Was that a kiss or a whisper? Hark!

Who speaks low, with an earnest breath,  
Speaks of a love that shall last till death;  
Who looks down with a tearful eye,  
Half with a smile, and half with a sigh?

'Tis the old, old story, I suppose,  
And the pupil at last the lesson knows;  
Ever 'twas thus, and 'twill ever be,  
When the world has forgotten both you and me!

ASLEY H. BALDWIN.

It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down and die, because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy; not the day laborer in science, art, or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the springs of life to become motionless.

## SHAKESPEARE.

If Homer nodded, it must be confessed that Shakespeare sometimes trifled. It is vain addition to say that everything he did was equally good; or that he never erred, and never was weak. All that should be said, where he is found to be so, is, that he worked chiefly for money; and to achieve success with his audience was his chief aim with him the main motive for writing. This practical part of his character it was that made him so great when he was great. There is never any more display in his writings; nothing like fine writing, merely for the sake of fine writing. He began, and perhaps ended his career by adopting old plays to a new fashion. In this ordinary work he displayed some wonderful work of his own. His marvellous imagination was kindled by the old material, and he sometimes embodied it, and sometimes threw it utterly aside, putting in a new work of the rarest kind. Occasionally, when he got hold of a subject he liked, he gradually supplanted the antique work with an entirely new play, as regarded all but the characters; in this mode of production that makes his plays such a puzzle to the ordinary reader. Here seems a lump of clay close by an image of gold; there rubbish and jewels are intricately intermixed.

It is the opinion of those who have minutely searched into the construction of Shakespeare's dramas, that every one of them was founded on some precedent play. It is also obvious that Shakespeare did little as he possibly could, probably always having an eye to the preservation of all that was then deemed popular. Being an actor and a manager, popularity was always a necessary object of all his aims. These views may be thought to be poor and dry by those who are not strictly guided by practical; but it was the possession of these notions that enabled the great dramatist to produce such tremendous effects as he has on all time and all persons. His mighty genius manifested itself spontaneously, and shone out amidst all these trammels, and amidst much old trash, with a splendor which can only be compared to the operations of nature, who casts some of her most beautiful forms and productions amidst debris that we are accustomed to consider rubbish.

## MAKING FUN OF PEOPLE.

Once when travelling on a stage-coach, says a writer in a contemporary, I met a young lady who seemed to be upon the constant lookout for something laughable. Every old barn was made the subject of a passing joke, while the cows and sheep looked demurely at us, little dreaming that falls could be merry at their expense.

All this was, perhaps, harmless enough. Animals were not sensitive in that respect. They are not likely to have their feelings injured because people make fun of them; but when we come to human beings, that is quite another thing.

So it seemed to me; for, after a while, an aged woman came running across the field, lifting up her hand to the coachman, and in a shrill voice begging him to stop. The good-natured coachman drew up his horse, and the old lady, coming to the fence by the roadside, squeezed herself through between two posts which were very near together.

The young lady in the stage-coach made some ludicrous remark, and the passenger laughed. It seemed very excusable; for, getting through the fence, the poor woman made sad work with her old black bonnet; and now, taking a seat beside a well-dressed lady, really looked as if she had been blown there by a whirlwind.

This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card, pretended to take a pattern of her bonnet, and in various other ways sought to raise a laugh at her.

At length the poor woman turned a pale face towards her and said:

"My dear girl, you are now young and healthy, and happy. I have been so, but that time is past. I am now old and forlorn. The coach is taking me to the death-bed of my only child. And then, my dear, I shall be a poor old woman, all alone in the world, where merry girls will think me a very amusing object. They will laugh at my old-fashioned clothes and sad appearance, forgetting that the old woman has loved and suffered, and will live forever."

The coach now stopped before a poor-looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

"How is she?" was the first trembling inquiry of the mother.

"Just alive," said the man who was leading her into the house.

The driver mounted his box, and we were upon the road again. Our merry young friend had placed the card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand; and you may be sure that I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a good lesson, and one which we greatly hoped would do her good.

"George, my boy, do you know that Mr. Jones has found a beautiful baby on his door-step, and is going to adopt him?" "Yes, papa; he will be Mr. Jones' step-son, won't he?"



## BY THE RIVER.

The sunshine quivered on the quivering poplars,  
That grow beside the stream;  
And o'er the distant hills there seemed a glory,  
A gold and purple gleam;  
And I knew  
That even in the March wind there was music,  
And in the river's flow.

I loved to hear the sighing of the water,  
To mark its green depths shine;  
But more I loved two brown eyes, calm and tender,  
A dear hand clasped in mine;  
For I knew  
I thought that love would last for ever, changeless,  
Though rivers ceased to flow.

One is the sunshine from the quivering poplars,  
The glory from the land;  
One, the brown eyes that made the sunshine brighter,  
And gone the clasping hand;  
But I know  
My tears are like the river—ah, the river!  
That cannot cease to flow.

## LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## WHY SIR MASSINGBERD DID NOT MARRY.

"I suppose you have heard, Peter Meredith, young as you are," began the old woman, "a great deal of ill-speaking against us wanderers. We not only kill game, but even domestic poultry, if the opportunity is given to us; we not only steal wood, but horse-flesh; and since we are so partial to carnion, it is not to be wondered at that we sometimes suffocate a sheep with a piece of his own wool, in order to get the carcass cheap from the farmer. Yet whatever false charges are current about us now, there are nothing, either in gravity or number, to what they were when I was a young girl—that is, fifty years ago. Every man's hand, every woman's tongue, was against us; magistrates committed us without testimony; rogues made a trade of accusing us solely to get blood-money. Our name was more than a by-word—it was a brand; to call a man a gipsy, was to say vagabond and thief in one. Under these circumstances, Massingberd Heath left his father's house yonder, and came to live with us as congenial company. We were in this very wood the day he did so. The sun shone as brightly as now, the streamlet ran just as blithe, the air was filled, as now, with the sweet-smelling pine. The people only are changed—ah me, how changed!—who made up that scene. There was my father—he died! ten years younger than I am now; is not that strange, boy? his brother Morris—dead: poor Stanley Carew—you shall hear of him presently—a handsome lad by far than his nephew there: my beautiful Sinnamona, compared to little Mina yonder, though she is pretty enough, like a blue-rose to a mere peony—the flower of womanhood. If there are ladies and women born into the world, then she was a lady. There are no such beauties now—no, friend, not even at the Dovecot. Let me see—I have counted four: then I was there also, comely enough, 'was said, but not to be spoken of for looks with my younger sister.

"We were occupied pretty much as you see us now, for life in the Greenwood possesses but little variety, when Massingberd Heath strode in among us, with his gun upon his shoulder. We knew him well, but were not inclined to dislike him. He was a dispirited, wild young fellow, but, as yet, his heart was thought, as the saying is, to be in the right place; his popularity, however, was principally owing to his antagonism to his father. Sir Wentworth had long passed through the spendthrift stage, and was very close with respect to money-matters; a harsh and gripping landlord, and it is probable enough a niggard parent. His son's extravagances were at that time insignificant compared to what they afterwards became, yet the old man was for ever complaining. He persecuted all who were poor and in his power, but the gipsies especially. He feared for his dear, for his game, for his fences, and, besides, I verily believe he detested us for our improvidence. I remember he sent two of my young brothers to prison for tossing for halfpence upon a Sunday—he who made not even a pretence of religion himself, and had been used invariably to pass his day of rest in town at Tattersall's, betting his thousands on some approaching race. It is said that this wretched old man used to horsewhip young Massingberd almost daily, until a certain occasion, when the latter found himself stronger than he imagined, and reversed the process. After that, Sir Wentworth confused himself to cursing his offspring, whenever they quarrelled. It was after some dreadful outbreak of passion on the part of the old man, that Massingberd Heath left home and home, and elected to join our wandering fortunes. We were very unwilling that this should be. It was by no means so unusual a proceeding then as now, for persons of good birth, but broken fortunes, to become gipsies, but such had usually their private

reasons for remaining so for life. They were very rarely criminals, but generally social outlaws, for whom there could be no reconciliation at home, or younger sons of respectable families, with quite a mountain of debt upon their shoulders. These were regularly nationalised among us; and if they could themselves for sufficient time in accordance with our regulations, they were permitted to intermarry with us.

"Now, it was certain that Massingberd Heath sought only a temporary home; as soon as his father died, or even offered terms to him, he would leave us, and resume his proper station. Moreover, how was the maintenance of discipline and obedience to the chief of our tribe, absolutely essential as it is, to be kept up in the case of this new-comer? Even at that time, he was a headstrong, wilful man, to whom all authority, however lawful or natural, was hateful. Was it to be expected that he would defend his own father, himself a man of iron will, would obey Morris Liveredge? On the other hand, Uncle Morris rather liked the young fellow. He had conceived at many a raid on his father's own preserves—to such a pitch had the quarrel grown between them—and kept our pot boiling with bird and beast. Many and many a time had he led the Fairburn keepers to an extremity of the preserves, while the slaughter was going on in the ether. Moreover, it would be of great importance, could we make a friend of the man who would one day own all these pleasant haunts of ours, and who could say a good word, and a strong one, for the poor persecuted gipsies, when it was needed. Poor Morris did not know that the Rebel but too often turns out a Tyrant, when he gets his chance. He could not foresee Sir Massingberd Heath sending folks to prison, or getting them kidnapped, and sent across the sea, for snaring the hares that he held so cheaply when they did not happen to belong to himself. If you want to find a gentleman, who in his youth, and landless, has been a poacher whenever the opportunity offered, look you among the game-preservers on the bench of justices. This, however, is among the least of the basenesses of him of whom I speak. It is not for his bitter guardianship of bird and beast, or his hateful oppression of his fellow-creatures, that my heart cries out for judgment against this man; but that I look with eager longing for that hour when God shall take him into His own hand."

The old woman paused a moment with closed eyes, and muttered something that was inaudible to me, rocking herself at the same time to and fro.

"Massingberd Heath became one of us, Peter Meredith, as far as it is possible for such a wretch to be so; he ate with us, and drank with us, which they say is a sacred bond among even savages. It was not so with him. He cast his evil eyes upon Sinnamona, to love her after the fashion of his accursed race. Perhaps you may think, Peter Meredith, that such an occurrence should have been foreseen by her father or her uncle Morris, and, for my part, I always thought that it was the presence of my lovely sister which mainly caused this man to join our company; but, at all events, neither they nor I dreaded any ill consequences. A gipsy girl is not a light-of-love maiden, like those of fairer skins. Heaven, who gives her beauty, gives her virtue also; this is not denied, even by our enemies. When you call your sweetheart Gipsy, it is in love, not in reproach. Massingberd Heath knew this well, and therefore it was he took such pains in the matter. It is true that we do not marry in church, but when we wed among ourselves, the marriage is not less sacred. It was a wedding of this sort, indissoluble by one party, but not by the other, which this man wished to compass. He did not gain his end."

The old woman's eyes sparkled with triumph for a moment as she said these words, but her voice sank low as she continued:

"Peter Meredith, if you have a sister, think of her while I speak of mine; she cannot be more pure than little Sinnamona, nor less designing. Her weakness was one common to all women, but especially to those of our unhappy race; she was fond of finery—fine clothing, jewels, shawls; they became her; she looked like any princess when attired in them. Stanley Carew, who loved her in all honesty, could give her no such costly gifts as Massingberd Heath showered upon her, and to help his end, even upon me. The gipsy's ragged coat looked mean and poor beside that of our guest. This man, too, whom you know but as a scowling tyrant, with a face scarred with passion and excess, was then a handsome youth. You smile, Peter, at the wonder of it; it is, however, not less true than that the wrinkled hag to whom you are now listening was then a bonny lass. Imagine that, Peter, and you can imagine anything. Ah, Time, Time, surely at the end of you, there will be something to recompense us for all that you have taken away!"

Once more Rachel Liveredge paused as if in pain; then with eyes whose sight seemed to receive but little of what was present, but were fixed on the unreturning Past, continued as follows:—

"Yes, Massingberd Heath was handsome enough, unless when enraged; his wrath always brought the horse-shoe out upon

his forehead." Ay, and he was agreeable enough, too. He could smile as though he had a heart, and vow as though he owned a God. By his devilish art he managed to ingratiate himself with Sinnamona; he caused her to treat poor Stanley ill, and then, pretending to take his part, got credit for generosity. There are many who call us gipsies a base people, yet this excess of goodness was quite new to us. My little sister—that was what I always called her, because I loved her so—she believed him. She would have trusted to his word, and married him, according to our rite, and been his wife and drudge for all her life; but since tale could not be without the consent of both of her father and Morris, he had to ask it of them. He might as well have asked it of Sir Wentworth; they had got to know him well by close companionship, for men seldom men better than women do—even gipsy women, who forestall men's fortunes for them—and they answered 'No.' They did not believe that he had the least intention of being with us longer than it suited him, and they peremptorily refused his request. After one burst of passionate threats, the young man pretended to yield assent to their decision. Morris was inclined to think this acquiescence genuine; but my father, more warmly interested in the matter, and therefore perhaps less credulous, kept on his guard. Finding out that Massingberd Heath had secretly made overtures of reconciliation to his father, and missing him one night from the camp, he caused Morris to strike tent at once, and before morning we had put twenty miles between us and Fairburn. Nor was this effected too soon, for, as we heard long afterwards, the 'constables' were searching this very wood for us at daybreak.

"Our company was bound on a long travel to Kirk-Yetholm, Roxburghshire, one of the few places in Scotland, although but one mile from the frontier of Northumberland, where the gipsies reside in any number. There we should meet with friends, and be safe from all molestation. It was late in the year to travel so far and into such a climate, but there was no help for it, and, moreover, some of the Carews had a house there, to which Stanley said we should be welcome; and so it turned out. I believe Sinnamona would rather that we had camped out of doors even in that northern clime, so disinclined was she to be beholden to him or his friends after what had happened, although she did not dare to say so. Poor Stanley imagined that, now we had removed from the neighborhood of his rival, he might renew his suit with success; but the proud girl would not listen to him. She did not exactly pine after the man whose wife she had so narrowly escaped, but her life seemed henceforth saddened. The domestic duties which had hitherto sat so lightly upon her, became burdensome, and she set about them languidly. The whole of the time we remained at Kirk-Yetholm, and it was many, many months, she never mentioned Massingberd Heath, but never ceased to think of him. It was said that she was to be undecieved about that man too late.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE REASON CONTINUED.

"About a year after our departure from Fairburn, Sinnamona and I had been to sell some baskets, the making of which was a great trade with us at that time, at Wooler, in Northumberland; and on our return from the fair that was being held there, we met a number of gentlemen driving home from shooting in the Cheviots. They went by very rapidly, yet not so fast but that I recognized one of their number. I had only to look at my little sister's cheeks to see that she had recognized him also. The very next day came Massingberd Heath to our camp, professing himself injured by our abrupt withdrawal from his society, volunteering his companionship as before, and reiterating his vows and promises to Sinnamona. She expressed herself in such a manner as to lead us almost to fear she might be induced to elope with him; while he upon his side, seemed prepared to sacrifice everything to obtain her: his very selfishness caused him, as it were, to forget himself, and I do believe, if it had been insisted upon, he would have had the bans published in Wooler Church, in the hearing of the fine friends with whom he was staying, and been married by the parson. However, he again proposed to go through the Cingular ceremony, and this time Morris and my father agreed to it. Having acknowledged himself to be an adopted gipsy, Massingberd Heath was joined in wedlock to Sinnamona Liveredge: the ordinary ceremonies were dispensed with, by command of Morris, the bride and bridegroom only pledging themselves to one another solemnly in the presence of the assembled tribe. It was then, since he could not purchase suitable presents in such an out-of-the-way dis-

"I am reminded by a friendly critic of the 'suspicious coincidence' of a horse-shoe on the forehead, in the case of *Rodogant*. I never think of Sir Massingberd without thinking of that worthy; and it has been a matter of doubt with me whether Sir Walter Scott might not himself have seen the Squire of Fairburn, and drawn him from life—both as to mind and feature—in his famous novel.

trict, that I received from that man's hand this shooting-stick, as a remembrance of that day; my uncle commanded me to accept it, (although I vehemently disapproved of what had been done,) and I therefore keep it now, when every other gift of that accursed man has long been committed to the flames. For my part, I could not understand this novel ploy on the part of Morris and my father; while Sinnamona, as I think, implicitly believed in her lover's protestation, that for her sake he would all his life be a wanderer like ourselves. That very day, however, he took her away southward, on his road to London.

For beauty, as I have said, and for gentleness, there never breathed the equal of my little sister, and yet in six short months this Heath grew weary of her; like a spoiled child tired with a fragile toy, he cared not what became of her, so long as it vexed his eyes no more. It is not necessary to tell what brutal insult he put upon her; enough to say that she fled from him in terror—as he had intended her to do—and returned to us, heart-stricken, we-begone, about to become a mother, with nothing but wretchedness in the future, and even her happy Past a dream dispelled. It was dreadful to look upon little sister, and compare her to what she had been so short a time before. She felt the cold after her luxurious life in town, but she was far more ill at ease in mind than body. Above all, she scorned because her lover's desertion had left her disgraced—that she had brought shame upon all who belonged to her. Incited by the poor girl's misery, Morris and my father put into effect an audacious design which they had privately had long in hand. We were back again at Fairburn—all but Stanley Carew, who was away about a new horse for our covered cart—not camping in the plantation, as of old, for fear of Sir Wentworth, but upon the common hard by. On a certain morning neither my father nor uncle went forth as usual, but sat at home smoking and watching at the opening of the tent. Not long after breakfast there appeared a wayfarer in the distance, whose form showed gigantic in the summer haze.

"That must be a big fellow, little sister," said I, drawing her attention to it. She was sitting huddled up, as usual, in front of the fire; but no sooner had she caught sight of the object in question, than she ran with a cry to her father's knee, and besought him to save her from Massingberd Heath. Ah, even then, at that last moment, if father or uncle had but consulted me, or let me into their plans, I should not have my little sister's shuddering face before me, as now—the large eyes wild, the full lips pale with terror. He had beaten her—poor darling—even before the scene that was coming; but she had even more reason than she knew for fear. This man came striding on to the entrance of the tent, and stood there looking at its inmates with a withering scowl. 'Why don't you speak,' said he, 'you vagabonds! For what is it that you have dared to send for me?'

"My father pointed towards Sinnamona—'Is not that cause enough, Massingberd Heath?'

"'No,' retorted the ruffian coolly. 'What is she to me? The drab has come home to her thieving friends again, it seems—the more fool she; for there was more than one who had a fancy for her in town, and would have taken her off my hands.'

"My father's fingers mechanically sought the knife which lay beside his half-finished basket; but my uncle Morris stood up between him and the speaker, and thus replied:—

"Massingberd Heath, I sent for you to tell you something which concerns both us and you. Many months ago, you came to us, uninvited and unwelcome, and elected to be a gipsy like ourselves. This makes you amiable very scornfully; yet if you did not mean the thing you said, you lied. However, we believed you. You were admitted into what, however wretched and debased it may seem to you, was our home, and all we had to offer you was at your service. You fell in love with that poor girl yonder, and she did not tremble at your voice, as now, but trusted to your honor. It is true, your position in the world was high, and here was what you saw it to be. Still, you wooed her, and not she you; that is so, and you know it. Do not slander her, sir, lest presently you should be sorry for it. Again and again, then, you demanded her hand in marriage—such marriage, that is, as prevails among our people—not so ceremonious, indeed, as with the rest of the world, but not less binding. This we would not grant, because we disbelieved your protestations on your honor and before your God; and disbelieved them, as it has turned out, with reason. Then we fled from you and your false solicitations to the north, hundreds of miles away; even thither you followed us, or else accidentally fell in with us; I know not which. You renewed your offers and your oaths. We found, all worthless as you are, that the poor girl loved you still, and, yielding to your repeated importunity, we suffered her to become your wife."

"'Wife!' repeated the ruffian contemptuously. 'Do you suppose, then, that I valued your gipsy mummery at a pin's head? You might as well attempt to tie these wrists of mine with the gossamer from yonder furze.'

"We knew that, Massingberd Heath, although the girl did not know it; she trusted you, although your every word was false."

"'She is fool enough for anything,' returned the other brutally. 'But I know all this. Have you dared to bring me here merely to repeat a story I know so well?'

"'A story with an ending that you have yet to learn,' pursued my uncle, sternly. 'You were wedded by no gipsy mummery, as you call them; you took Sinnamona Liveredge, in the presence of many persons, solemnly to wife.'

"'Ay, and I might take her sister there, and marry her to-day after the same fashion, and no law could say me 'nay.'"

"'Yes, here, Massingberd Heath; but not at Kirk-Yetholm.'

"'And why not?' inquired the ruffian, with a mocking laugh, that had, however, something shrill and warning in it."

"'Because Kirk-Yetholm is over the Border, and by the laws of Scotland, my niece Sinnamona is your wife, proud man, and nothing but death can discover the bond.'

"'An awful silence succeeded my uncle's words. Massingberd Heath turned livid, and twice he vainly sought to speak; he was weakly struggled by passion."

"'I thank Heaven, Rachel,' murmured my little sister, 'that I am not that shame to thee and to my race which I thought myself to be.'

"'You shall have but little to thank Heaven for, girl, if this be true,' cried her husband, hoarse with concentrated rage; 'somebody shall pay for this!'

"'It is true,' quoth my father, 'and you feel it to be so. Nothing remains, then, but to make the best of it. We do not seek anything at your hands, nor—'

"'Only the right of camping undisturbed about Fairburn,' interrupted my uncle Morris, who was of a grasping disposition, and had planned the whole matter, I fear, not without an eye to the advantage of his tribe. 'You wouldn't treat your wife's family as trespassers.'

"'Certainly not,' returned Massingberd Heath, with bitterness; 'they shall be most welcome. I should be extremely sorry if they were to leave my neighborhood just yet. In the meantime, however, I want my wife—my wife. Come along with me, my pretty one.'

"'He looked like a wild beast, within springing distance of his prey.

"'Oh father, uncle, defend me!' cried the miserable girl. 'What have you done to bring this man's vengeance upon me?'

"'Ay, you are right there,' answered her husband, in a voice that froze my veins. 'That is still left for me—vengeance. Come along, I say; I hunger until it shall begin.'

"'Massingberd Heath,' cried I, throwing myself at his feet, 'for God's sake, have mercy upon her; it is not her fault. She knew no more than you of all these things. Look how ill and pale she is—you above all men, should have pity on her wretched condition. Oh leave her with us, leave my little sister here, and neither she nor we will ever trouble you, ever come near you. It shall be just the same as though you never set eyes upon us; it shall indeed! Oh, you would not, could not be cruel to such a one as she.'

"'I pointed to her as she stood clinging to her father's arm as much for support as in appeal, so beautiful, so pitiful, so weak; a spectacle to move a heart of stone.

"'Could I not be cruel,' returned he, with a grating laugh, 'ay, to even such a one as she? Ask her—ask her.'

"'There was no occasion to put the question; you saw the answer in her shrinking form, her trembling limbs: his every word fell upon her like a blow.

"'She has not yet known, however, what I can be to my wife,' continued he. 'Come, my pretty one, come.'

"'She shall not,' cried my father vehemently; 'it shall never be in his power to hurt her.'

"'What! and I her husband?' exclaimed the other mockingly. 'Both one until death us do part! Not come?'

"'He will kill her,' murmured my father; 'her blood will be on my head.'

"'Are you coming—wife?' cried Massingberd Heath in a terrible voice; he stepped forward, and grasped her slender wrist with fingers of steel. Morris and my father rushed forward, but the man had swung her behind him, placing himself between her and them, and at the same instant he had taken from his pocket a life-preserver—he carried it to this day—armed with which he was a match for five such men. 'And now,' cried he, 'what man shall stop me from doing what I will with my own?'

"'I!' exclaimed a sudden voice, and with the word some dark mass launched itself so violently against the throat of Massingberd Heath that the giant toppled and fell; upon his huge breast, knife in hand, knelt Stanley Carew, his eyes gleaming with hate, his little body working like a panther's. He was not hesitating, not he—he was only drinking in a delicious draught of revenge, before he struck."

"'Strike!' cried I; 'strike hard and quick, Carew!' But while the blade was in air, Morris and my father plucked him backward, and suffered his intended victim to rise, although despoiled of his weapon."

"'No, Carew; that will never do,' quoth Morris. 'We should have the whole count-

try upon us in an hour, and they would hang us all together."

"'Carew is that man's name, is it?' exclaimed Massingberd Heath. 'I will not forget it, be sure. You shall all pay for this, trust me; but be, and do not wait then all. Come away, with some company!'

"'Yes, she must go, Carew,' interrupted my uncle, checking a further movement of the young man. 'He knows all now, and has a right to what he demands.'

"'Ay, but if he has one finger more he cries the passionate cry—'If he does not leave her even by a word, and I threaten as sure as I see the sun this day, I will have what is the sister of his life!—that is, I will have you; you may consent to go with me, but I will have you, you may go day and night to death, but I will have you and your heart out!'

"Massingberd Heath looked contemptuously, without speaking; and standing with the tent, placed to Sinnamona to follow him, which she did, moaning and weeping, and casting backward, over and over, pitiful glances upon the house and family she had cherished for such an evil lot. I never saw my little sister more."

"At the remembrance of this and some had utterly overcome her, Rachel Liveredge hid her face in her hands, and wept until the tears welled through her tanned and shrivelled fingers."

"'I am indeed distressed,' said I, 'to have caused you so much pain. I will not make you and by telling me more.'

"'Nay, my boy, since I have begun it, let me finish with it; I shall think of it all the same, and it is better to speak than think. That very night, Stanley Carew was arrested upon the charge of stealing the horse which he had bought in open market, and ridden home just in time to play the part I have described. In the days I speak of, fifty pounds was given as a reward to those who gave such evidence as produced a capital conviction, and many a gipsy perished innocently in consequence of that wicked ordinance. It is possible that this accusation was made by one of those who made a practice of earning blood-money; but I am positively certain the false witness was set on by Massingberd Heath, even if that man did not originate the charge. It was pressed against poor Carew very harshly; and although the farmer of whom he bought the animal came honestly forward, and swore to its being the same which he had sold the prisoner, his evidence was rejected on account of some slight mistake in the description. You must have heard tell of that awful execution long ago at Orkneyden jail, when the wretched victim to perjury and revenge uttered those terrible words: 'O God, if Thou dost not deliver me, I will not believe there is a God.' That unhappy man was Stanley Carew. My father and uncle were pitilessly persecuted and imprisoned, and died before their time. These wretched have worn fetters, this back has suffered stripes; nor did the vengeance of our enemy cease even with one generation. One of my boys is beyond seas, and another within stone walls; yet I know that the hate of Sir Massingberd Heath is not yet abated."

"But what became of your little sister—poor Sinnamona?"

"'I know not what she suffered immediately after she was taken from us; Heaven only knows: her husband carried her a great way off out of our ken. But this I have heard, that when he told her of the death of Stanley Carew, she fell down like one dead, and presently being delivered of a son, the infant died after a few hours, the mother lived—a maniac. Yes, Massingberd Heath, you did not kill my little sister, after all; yonder she lives, but reck not whether you are kind or cruel; she drinks no more the bitter cup of love's betrayal."

"'She is surely not at Fairburn,' said I. 'Is she?'

"'What else should keep us here, boy, to be harried by keepers, to be vexed by constables and justices? What else should keep me here in a place that tortures me with memories of my youth and of loving faces that have crumbled into dust? What else but the hope of one day seeing my little sister yet, and the vengeance of heaven upon him who has worked her ruin?' The old woman rose up as she spoke, and looked menacingly towards Fairburn Hall. 'I could almost exclaim with poor Carew,' cried she, 'that if Massingberd Heath escape some awful end, there is no Avenger on high. I am old, but I shall see it, yes, I shall see it before I die.'

"If there had been more to tell, which fortunately there was not, I do not think Rachel Liveredge could have spoken further; her emotion far more than her exertions, had reduced her strength so far, that though she uttered the last words energetically enough, I had had for some time a difficulty in hearing what she said."

"I thank you for listening to the tediousness of an ancient dame so long," murmured she; "if you were not a good boy, and half a gipsy, you would never have been so patient. I have told you all this to put you on your guard; it is no secret, but still you may not have heard it. Distrust, despair, detest Massingberd Heath; and warn his nephew, if you be his friend, not to venture again within his uncle's reach."

"I will," cried I; "and I thank



you in his name." I held out my hand, and she turned it over to her own.

"An honest girl," quoth she, "without a stain. There is one mainly cross about it, Peter, that is all. You must not fret for that."

I mounted my horse and cordial "good-bye" from the glances, who had been pursuing their usual evasions during the above recital, although nothing was more common than that the head of the family should have a secret of two hours long to communicate to a strange young gentleman; and throwing a shilling to the boy who had shown me the way, I took my leave.

It was not till I left the plantation for better and had ridden at speed for some distance on the open road, that I was able to shake off the sombre feelings that oppressed me, and to meet Mrs. Myrtle's welcome in the Rectory with an answering smile.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### TEMPTATION IN THE ARMY.

Coupled with the good the army is doing, there is much that is bad. Nowhere as in the army are young men so beset with the insidious words suggesting, and the passive influence of Satan. Freed from the constraints (for the majority of young men do not consider it to their shame to be spoken of) of home and the blessed associations which cluster there, making loving pictures for the galleries of our hearts, with many leisure hours which must be passed in some way, other than sitting down to "mope." Therefore it is no nice days' wonder. They seek these pastimes which promise the most excitement, and of which they would hardly dare dream when at home.

The mind, as the body, must have employment, and many who can read and enjoy a book seek these evils out of choice, while others, who cannot see any beauty or have no taste for the productions of authors because they do not belong to the scholastic part of the human family, become an easier prey to the gaming table and other forms of vice, and are fast, at much faster than the aged mother in her quiet home dreams, becoming victims to those passions which will in the end leave her on a wreck upon the winding stairs of the "vast beyond."

Three years in the army have taught me more of human nature than twenty could be shifting scenes of New York or Paris. The transition is much quicker here. There the young man has those associations of home, public opinion, and the strong arm of the law to detain him; here all these are swept away, and he stands free—save the general orders, which amount to a mere form—to follow his own inclination, to gratify his natural appetites or not, just as he chooses.

The memories of home, the counsels of his mother, given in tears at parting, a gentle stern warning, the kind father's advice, all these, so vivid at first, are gradually yielding with the lapse of time, giving way before the allurements of the tempter; and we find those hideous passions moulding that boyish mind to their own liking. This may be a sad picture to some fond mother, but we would not so false play upon the blow which may fall upon her in future years. We would have her alive to his interests, and, by the means in your power, bring him back to the path he has left.

Until lately these army soldiers have been allowed to sell whiskey to soldiers; but thanks to the Superintendent of the Army Police, this source of evil, this drain upon the soldiers' pockets, and in many cases upon mothers, wives, and children at home, has been stopped.

One other evil, and its remedy, and I have done for this time. I mean novels. Not those books of fiction which draw pictures of natural life, that life we live, are acquainted with by experience or history, but those works of a lower grade, treating of characters and things which never occurred; of rubrics and plates' lives, teaching the young that the world owes them a living without laboring for it, imbuing the mind with a knowledge of knavery and crime without one peep at the dark side, and yet the authors say they design to teach morality.

These are the works of which thousands find their way into the hands of the soldiers, and what harm they are doing can be better estimated when these soldiers go back to civil life.

One word to those at home. Write often; send these little fables in the golden chain which binds the soldier to his home; draw him out of that home and its associations in your letters; tell him what you all expect of him. Send him books, standard works, or magazines, in which he will find that which will serve to strengthen and beautify his mind. Then, between these letters and books, he will have no time to think of those vices, and it may be that such simple things as these from home will save your son. Try it.

FRANK RASHLEIGH.

The Egyptians call their beer "boon," which is very similar to our term booz, applied to partially fermented men. To drink is to drink deeply, from the Dutch *drinken*; to drink is to drink deeply, to drink is to drink deeply. A Dutch house or an Egyptian house are equivalent to an American house.

### BY-PLAY.

All the world being a stage, and all the men and women actors and actresses upon it, they, just to keep up the analogy, go through a vast deal of by-play. For instance, when Constantine called at Julia to bid mamma's back whilst mamma is venting her indignation and surprised at young ladies who "will be so imprudent," there is an exemplification of by-play. And by-play is very much employed in transacting the drama of life, particularly (it is said) when the parts are sustained by young women, or not very old persons of the opposite sex.

In these you may frequently remark that, during a scene where the heroine is apparently listening with intense interest to the discourse of a father recommended by papa, she has one hand behind her back, which is all the while being squeezed and covered with kisses by a scapegrace, who is invisible to the unsuspecting, papa-recommended lover, and to whom papa, if he caught him, would request a servant to show the excellent arrangements which exist in modern houses for finding your way from a drawing-room into the public streets. Whether things are carried quite so far as this in the actual drama of life, of course a hermit, who never goes out unless it snows, or hails, or freezes, or rains, or does something calculated to subvert the flesh, cannot, and does not, pretend to know; he depends for his information upon persons with counsel-form whisks. Now Counsel-form declares that though he has never seen in actual life a scene exactly similar to that described by the heretofore alluded to reprobate, he has nevertheless been eye-witness of one very like it. And this is the picture which Counsel-form drew. Seraphina, who had been waiting with Cherubiny, (the last dance before supper,) had engaged to be taken into supper by Angelo, and Cherubiny had to conduct to the supper room Constantine; as then, these four were going huddled together into the place where the refreshments were being served, a strange sight presented itself to the astonished eyes of Counsel-form. Seraphina was hanging on the right arm of Angelo, and Constantine upon the right arm of Cherubiny, and such was the pressure that Cherubiny was forced close up to Seraphina, whilst Constantine had his head turned over her shoulder conversing with some one in her wake, Cherubiny at the same time conversing with Seraphina, and squeezing her right hand, which lay snugly encoiled in one of the many folds of her flowing skirt, poor Angelo being all unconscious in his anxiety to make a passage into the supper-room. Counsel-form, being close behind Cherubiny, and in a manner covering his proceedings, was probably the only person who saw the act, and was doubtful whether he ought not to inform the lady of the house, but refrained (as he says) from an idea that the lady of the house rather likes such surreptitious transactions, taking them as a proof that she has succeeded in her desire of "bringing young people who like one another together," and considering them (so long as public attention is not attracted) as perfectly harmless, if not commendable. And, after all, squeezing fingers seems a very trivial affair—especially gloved fingers; and, if the fingers were ungloved, Counsel-form says (I don't know) you might find it difficult to leave go at the proper time. Besides, it seems to me that you might squeeze too hard; but Counsel-form says that however hard you squeeze, "it only hurts me." However it be, that is one of the instances of by-play.

But the by-play which is more commonly adopted in Counsel-form tells me, devoid of contact, is managed chiefly by means of the eyes, assisted by veils, opera-glasses, fans, parasols, bouquets, hymn-books, &c., and is enacted in promenades, concert-rooms, theatres, opera-houses, &c., and (I regret to say) churches. With respect to by-play in church, I desire at once to express my horror of it, and to entreat all those who practice it to mend their ways; for, though marriages have been known to come of it, I don't find it anywhere prescribed in the rubric. That marriages do—or at least that a marriage did once—come of it, Counsel-form is a witness, and the case he mentions is that of Harcourt. Harcourt was a barrister of small means but great expectations—in fact, he expected some day to be employed, but, as it was, he lived on his means, aided out by occasional "occupation not menial." He had a sitting at a certain large church, standing at the corner of the street near which he lodged (after this its identification will be perfectly easy), and thither he went every Sunday morning—when he didn't stay away. Now, as he and Counsel-form were walking one day in the fine, broad walk in Kensington-gardens, they encountered a trio thus composed. One was old, and one was plain, and one was anything but plain. They were dressed in the garb which women wear, and by the family likeness, they were mother and daughter. They regarded Harcourt with a conscious glance; and she who was anything but plain gave an almost imperceptible smile, an additional swing to her skirt, and a twist to her parasol, which hid her face. This, of course, was by-play, and Counsel-form immediately detected it. "Who is that pretty girl?" said he, "she has seen you before, I can swear." "Oh!" replied Harcourt, "it's

one of the angels of my parallelogram." "What the old gentleman do you mean?" asked Counsel-form, and Harcourt recounted his explanation. It appeared that from where sat in church, he one day found his glances directed, against his will and his pious endeavors, alternately to the features, which were far from concealed by a white bonnet, a blue bonnet, a pink bonnet, and a brown bonnet, respectively, and such was the position of these four bonnets, that, had they been joined by straight lines, the result would have been a parallelogram. So he called the owners of the several bonnets the angles (or angels) of his parallelogram. Of course, the bonnets were changed in time; but Whitebonnet (as she was when first he saw her) gradually weaned his looks from the other three. She was such a perfect mistress of the art of by-play. If she caught him looking for a single instant in the direction of Bluebonnet, or Pinkbonnet, or Brownbonnet, she would become so rapt in the service of the church, and so completely absorbed in the preacher's discourse, you would have supposed she had no thoughts of earth. But if he looked only in her direction, whenever his eyes wandered off his book or off the ceiling (during the sermon,) she would shoot eye-shafts, she would twist her body, she would take off her gloves and display her white hands, she would find something the matter with the back of her bonnet which necessitated the raising of her rounded arm and the partial exhibition of her shapely bust, she would smell her salts with a pensive air, until Harcourt couldn't have told you what Ecclesiastes was talking about. So Harcourt found that in course of time his face always pointed in her direction, as the polar star points towards the north. This was after his walk with Counsel-form, and he began to be seriously troubled in his mind. Who was she? Where did she live? What was the bald-headed old gentleman—evidently her father—who sat in their pew every Sunday morning? He would follow them home some evening (for mother and daughters often went to church in the evening, and he could better escape notice in the shades of night,) and find out at any rate where they lived. So did he, and found they lived in an excellent house in a quiet street adjoining Russell-square. But how to get introduced? He had hovered about them with an umbrella as they left church for full six weeks, and not a chance had offered of being of assistance; they always had an umbrella apiece, and once when he had proposed to fetch a cab, mamma had declined with the coldest of bows. Whitebonnet, however, had consoled him with by-play; she had gathered her skirts about her ostentatiously high (for the street had not yet become very dirty,) she had shot at him a despairing glance, and she had remarked quite loud enough for him to hear, "I really think, mamma, you had better have accepted the gentleman's offer." At last he came to the conclusion that he positively couldn't have his devotions interfered with in this way, and that he wouldn't lose fair lady by faintness of heart. He was almost alone in the world, and the few friends he had certainly couldn't give him the introduction he wanted, so he must see what he could do alone. He could see by their manner and by-play, as they pretended to be attracted by something behind them (just beyond the spot where he was following,) as they looked right past him, as they exchanged confidential whispers and then laughed merrily, that they were fully aware of his pitiable condition. One evening, therefore, one summer evening, when his movements could easily be seen from the window, soon after the trio had entered the house, he committed himself to the protection of fortune, rushed up the steps, plied the knocker, and rang the bell. He was speedily admitted, entered in time to see three new bonnets flitting up stairs, and to hear, as he thought, a stifled laugh and the words "I do declare the man's called." He gave his card to the box-room maid and begged her to ask if he could see Paterfamilias. Paterfamilias read the card, "Mr. Harcourt, Rumsey Cockstoe Club, Pall-mall, R.W.," and his eye became the size of saucers. Murder, robbery, and lunacy, all occurred to him at once; but on Mary's assurance that the visitor was "quite the gentleman," and that she heard "misses say something about his calling," he requested that Mr. Harcourt should be shown into the study.

Mr. Harcourt entered and the two bowed, whilst a perplexed expression crossed the face of Paterfamilias. "I don't recognize your name, sir," said the latter, "but somehow or other your face is familiar to me." "You have seen me at church very likely," said Harcourt. Paterfamilias looked grave at this (thinking, no doubt, a subscription was a-foot: "Pray, sir, take a seat," said he, "and tell me what you want with me.") "It's rather a difficult matter to begin," quoth Harcourt, "but the fact is, I find my devotions very much disturbed." Once more a lunacy occurred to Paterfamilias: "Really, sir," he observed, "I don't see how I can affect your devotions." "Only indirectly," rejoined Harcourt, "the disturbing influence comes from your pew—that's all." Paterfamilias began to fume: "Do you mean to complain, sir," said he, "of anything which takes place in my pew? There are but my wife and daughters and I in the pew—which of us pray disturbs your devo-

How STATUES ARE MADE.—A correspondent of the London Reader gives the following details regarding the production of statues:—

The sculptor, having designed a figure, first makes a sketch of it in clay a few inches only in height. When he has satisfied himself with the general attitude, a cast is taken of his sketch, and from it a model in clay is prepared of the full size he designs for his statue, whether half the natural height, or life-size, or colossal. The process of burning the clay, as it is called, upon the strong iron armatures or skeletons on which it stands on its pedestal, and the bending and fixing this *statuette* into the form of the limbs, constitute a work of vast labor of a purely manual sort, for whose performance, all artists able to afford it employ the skilled workmen to be obtained in Rome. The rough clay, rudely assuming the shape of the intended statue, then passes into the sculptor's hands and undergoes his most elaborate manipulation, by which it is reduced (generally after the labor of several months) to the precise and perfectly-finished form he desires should hereafter appear in marble. This done, the *statuette* takes a cast of the whole, and the clay is destroyed. From this last plaster cast again in due time the marble is hewn by three successive workmen. The first gives it rough outline, the second brings it by rule and compass to close resemblance with the cast, and the third finishes it to perfection.

HERETODOXY.—Carlyle, listening to a party conversing upon Goethe, who, while landing his talents condemned his heretodoxy, said:—"Gentlemen, did you ever hear of the man who vilified the sun because it would not light his cigar?"

It seems that in the course of centuries the climate of the Sahara desert has undergone great changes. There was a time when domestic animals of our bovine tribes were kept in these regions. A recent traveler saw in a valley between Murzuk and Ghat ancient sculptures in the sandstone rocks representing herds of bulls or oxen, and says that they were executed with a fidelity which could not have been attained unless the artist had the animals which he calveled before his eyes. This confirms St. Augustine's statements, that the ancient kings of the Garamantes (who are supposed to have lived thereabout) made use of bulls for their conveyance.

A woman's heart is like the moon—It changes continually, but always has a man in it.

"She wore a blue bonnet to-day," answered Harcourt, "and I never saw any one look so lovely." Paterfamilias stood up against, and seemed about to order him out of the house, but Paterfamilias with daughters to get off his hands is not rash; he, therefore, sat down again and said quietly, "You don't look like a man who would come here for the simple purpose of insult, and you don't look insane; so be good enough to explain yourself." Then Harcourt told, in simple terms, his pitiful story; spoke of his friends, his position, and his prospects; and Paterfamilias promised, in a few days, to let him know what course he would take. Paterfamilias was consulted, but nothing was said to Whitebonnet or her sister beyond the unsatisfactory intelligence that the gentleman had called on matters relating to the church. However, on a certain day (inquiries having been made and satisfactorily answered about Harcourt) a small dinner-party was given at which Mr. Harcourt made himself very agreeable (particularly to Whitebonnet), and in due course of the favorite angle of his parallelogram adorned a corner of his fire-side.

But by-play does not, Counsel-form asserts, often end in this way; generally speaking, according to his authority, it comes to nothing. It is considered rare pastime, that is all, and is sometimes useful in "bringing on" a tardy swain; for it plagues Swain to see Inamorata, whilst she is talking to him, putting the stick of her parasol first on one side and then on the other of her nose, at all kinds of angles, so as to throw little slanting glances at Somebody-else; or continually pointing her opera-glass towards Somebody-else; or looking over the top of her outspread fan in the direction of Somebody-else, with an expression in her eyes which would make you swear that if her mouth were not covered you would see a smile upon it. At the same time Somebody-else thinks he has made an impression, whereas he has done nothing of the kind. Inamorata is only courting admiration, and she laughs in her inmost heart to think how she is nothing Swain, misleading Somebody-else, and amusing herself.

I wish I had time to speak of the extraordinary by-play which is sometimes performed with the opera-cloak, when a pretence of draught in the opera-box serves as an excuse for drawing the cloak just over the shoulders, letting one side slip (you would think inadvertently) off the polished ivory which jutts from the dress, re-arranging it carefully, and making Swain blink like an owl in daylight, as he stands behind and watches the transitions. But time presses; and after all it is only what Counsel-form says—I know nothing about it.

R. R.

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### HOW PAUL AND PETER LOOKED.

It is allowable to mention the general notion of the forms and features of the two apostles which has been handed down in tradition, and was represented by the early artists. St. Paul is not before us as having the strongly marked and prominent features of a Jew, yet not without some of the finer lines indicative of Greek thought. His stature was diminutive, and his body disfigured by some lameness or distortion, which may have provoked the contemptuous expression of his enemies. His beard was long and thin. His head was bald. The characteristics of his face were a transparent complexion, which betrayed the quick changes of his feelings; a bright eye, under thickly overhanging, united eye-brows; a cheerful and winning expression of countenance, which invited the approach and inspired the confidence of strangers. It would be natural to infer, from his continual journeys and manual labor, that he was possessed of great strength of constitution. But men of delicate health have often gone through the greatest exertions; and his own words on more than one occasion, showed that he suffered much in bodily health.

St. Peter is represented to us as a man of larger and stronger form, as his character was harsher and more abrupt. The quick impulses of his soul revealed themselves in the flashes of a dark eye. The complexion of his face was full and sallow; and the short hair, which is described as entirely gray at the time of his death, curled black and thick round his temples and his chin, when the two apostles were together at Antioch, twenty years before their martyrdom. Believing, as we do, that these traditional pictures have probably some foundation in truth, we gladly take them as helps to the imagination.—*Lives and Epistles of St. Paul*, by W. J. Conybeare and J. S. Howson.

### ANTIDOTES FOR STRYCHNIA.

The British Medical Journal says Professor R. Bellini, after conducting a long series of experiments on poisoning by strychnia and its salts, arrives at the opinion that the best antidotes are tannic acid and tannin, chloric acid and the tinctures of iodine and bromine. Chlorine, he maintains, attacks the strychnia even when it is diffused through the system, for he found that in rabbits poisoned with the sulphate of the alkaloid, on being made to inhale chlorine gas in quantity, such as was not sufficient in itself to kill, the convulsions were retarded, and were milder when they occurred; death, also, was less rapid. The author further observed, that when strychnia was exhibited with pyrogallic acid, the convulsion was retarded for the space of half an hour, by comparison with other experiments in which the alkaloid was given by itself. Professor Bellini believes that this arrest in symptoms is not dependent on the acid acting chemically on the strychnia, but only through the astringent effects produced by the acid on the mucous membrane of the stomach, whereby the absorption of the strychnia is rendered difficult. The same author, dwelling on the frog-test for strychnia, asserts that this test is not to be trusted, inasmuch as other poisons produce the tetanic symptoms, although in a lesser degree.

SATIN.—From an English paper we find the following:—

"For some years past the beautiful lustrous material, called satin, has been banished from the list of fashionable fabrics, and, with few exceptions, has been seen during a long period of time, either for outdoor or for evening wear. In Paris, as we have frequently informed our readers, it has again found favor with the fair leaders of fashion, and for many months it has again been very popular. New, the prejudice which had set in against it in this country is fast disappearing, and we see satins of the richest qualities and most brilliant dyes, once more reinstated, and draping both old and young figures. So long has it been banished, that it reappears almost as a novelty, and many are rejoicing in its soft, graceful folds, and its superiority, which, in this respect, it holds over *mots antique*, just as though it were something new—a fabric which had never before been heard of. It is the most dressy of all materials, and there is nothing which shows off lace with such advantage; but, although it is frequently worn during the day, we think it better adapted for evening *toilettes*."

THE FINGER NAIL.—Respecting the nails, the Jewish rabbinical doctors entertained some singular notions. It was their belief that, antecedent to the fall, the bodies of our first parents were perfectly transparent, and that of these lucid envelopes of the soul, the nails are the sole surviving remains. The great divine, Origen, it is known, was possessed by a belief somewhat similar; and held that, in the first instance, Adam and Eve were, corporally, beings of radiant light, and that the coats of skin afterwards bestowed on them, were no other than those habiliments of flesh, muscle, and bone—"muddy vesture of decay"—in which we, their descendants, present ourselves at the present day. In the same, however, unlike the Talmudists, Origen does not recognize the rags of man's better estate.

### UNREELLY EXTRAVAGANCE.

A man builds a marble stable on the rear of his lot, at a cost of eighty thousand dollars, and fits up a private theatre over it. Another pays eight thousand dollars for a pair of horses to drive on the road for his pleasure; and many give from fifteen hundred to three thousand dollars for the same object. Another provides a dinner for a dozen friends—rejecting the old superstition of the unlucky thirteenth—and this dinner costs one thousand dollars.

A children's party is given, in an expensive house, where every child is clad entirely in dresses imported from Paris. An American citizen purchases a house for over one hundred thousand dollars, and tears it down, to rebuild upon its site one yet more costly. These are signs of the times. Are they not evidences of a state of things unwholesome, feverish, threatening to the honor and simplicity of our political life, and threatening not less evil to the ideas and the principles of which that life has hitherto been a life exponent?

What business have Americans, at any time, with such vain shows, such needless magnificence? But especially how can they justify it to themselves in this time of war? Some men have gained great fortunes during the last two or three years—men who do not excuse their extravagance. Is there anything worthier than personal adornment, in which to invest their means? Are there no enterprises open to these men of fortune, which would benefit the country and their fellows as well as themselves?

In England, during the French war, useful enterprises of all kinds were originated, and prospered. There was then, as with us now, an inflated currency; great fortunes were made by speculative ventures, at this time. No doubt, too, there was extravagance; but there arose at the same time a spirit favorable to useful enterprises of many kinds—such as we wish could clasp amongst us. We have far better opportunities for such use of capital; we have mines, new manufactures, waste lands to be developed and brought into profitable use; we have a comparatively new country in our back, in which the prudent capitalist can see a thousand opportunities to invest his store, and at the same time benefit his countrymen.

The citizen, therefore, who wastes his gains upon ostentatious houses, extravagant furniture, dress, or food, commits a crime against his country. And especially is this extravagance culpable in New York, where, though but half the island is built upon, there is scarcely a place fit for an honest workingman to bring up his family in, where they are not exposed to the corrupting influences of squalor and vice.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

"HE WHO FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY."—Your correspondent "H. W." asks you wrote

For he who fights and runs away  
Will live to fight another day.

It was not Butler as many suppose. It is an old volume, published by R. Graham in 1843, entitled "Apothegms," &c., &c., gathered and compiled in Latin, by Nicomachus, and now translated into English by Nicolas Valli, there are these lines:—

That same man, that renneth away,  
Males again fight, an other day.

Demosthenes had written upon his shield in letters of gold, *good fortune*, yet nevertheless, when it was come to hardie combat, Demosthenes, even at the first meeting, of his shield and at a wale from him, and as fast as his legges might leave him. The points being cast in his nose, in the very mock and reproche, that he had in his talde caste a wale his bucler and taken him by his heeles like a prettie one; he avoided with a little verse (which is given above) common in every body's mouth.

This will be found at fol. 239.—G. R. C.

Windsor Park covers 3,800 acres, Richmond, 2,408; Hampton Court, 1,600; Kew, 683; Regent's, 478; Kensington, 350; Hyde, 289; Victoria, 249; Greenwhich, 180; Battersea, 176; Green and St. James, 160; each; Phoenix Park, Dublin, 1,703; Central Park, New York, 850; Bois de Boulogne, Paris, 2,000; Tsarsko Selo, Russia, 350; Tivoli, near Rome, 310. In Southern Europe the most noted place of public resort is the Real, in Naples. The Bois de Boulogne is a carriage-drive thirty-five miles in length, and the Central Park, New York, is drive nine miles long.

The Eighth Wisconsin Regiment accompanied by a pet eagle, which flew all its marches and battles. In an engagement he flaps his wings and mingles his voice with the tumult. He has been wounded, one shot taking away most of his tail feathers. He is at home on furlough, and is attracting a great deal of attention.

Brigham Young is about to prove the "Bains" that he can "keep a house" having purchased the Salt Lake House for \$35,000.

A transparent Hibernian was friend to discount a note. "If I do this," said the lender, "will you pay me note punctually?" "I will, on my honor," replied the other—"the expense of the paper and all!"







## Wit and Humor.

## A JUMPING MATCH.

A young man of our village, (he retains the family name) who fought, but did not die at Appledram and Gottenburg, recently went into the Province, on foot, with some small capital for sale. One night, just as the calm of the evening was being lowered upon him, he applied at a very respectable looking house for entertainment. He was very kindly received by a young lady, who happened to be the only one of the family at home, with whom he partook of the evening meal, and everything seemed to our host to be going "merry as a marriage bell." It seems, however, that the young lady began to suspect that in "entertaining a stranger," she had not entertained "an angel." But how to get rid of him was the trouble! At length she asked him if he could jump well, saying that she could jump further than any Yankee living. This was a "stump" which the hero of a dozen battle fields was not disposed to take, and so they arranged for a trial of leap frog.

The young lady, placing herself against the opposite door, at three jumps reached the door. Our Yankee now took his station for the trial. At two bounds he nearly reached the door, when Miss Blonson, with all the feminine fascination imaginable, said she would open the door for him, so that he might have a chance to see how much he could do, and he took the third leap which landed him out in the snow.

The young lady instantly closed and fastened the door, took hat, mittens, overcoat and valise of merchandise, into the chamber, threw them out of the window to him, and told him there was a tavern about seven miles below, where no doubt he could be entertained. He went down the road, meditating on the mysterious ways of women!—*Loyal Star, Prosser Isle, Me.*

## PAT'S IDEA OF STOCK.

Pat Dapahne was a "broth of a boy," right from the "Gem of the Bay," and he had a small contract on the Conway Railroad, in New Hampshire, in the year of grace, 1863, in which he agreed to take his pay part in cash, part in bonds, and part in stock. The stock of this road, be it remembered—like many others—was not worth a "Continental," and has always kept up its value with remarkable uniformity. In due time Pat, having completed his job, presented himself at the treasurer's office for settlement. The money, the bonds, and the certificate of stock were soon in his possession.

"And what is this now?" said Pat, flourishing his certificate of stock, bearing the "broad seal" of the corporation.

"That is your stock, sir," blandly replied the treasurer.

"And is this what I'm to get for me labor? Wasn't me contract for stock?"

"Why, certainly; that is your stock. What did you expect?"

"What did I expect?" said Pat, excitedly; "what did I expect? Why pigs, and sheep, and horses, shure!"

GOOD REASON FOR SORROW.—While travelling in the Granite State some years since, during an exceedingly heavy fall of snow, I was halted from a horse beside the road, and informed that I could not possibly get through the drifts to the next village, and, upon expressing a determination to try, was requested to inform Mr. W——, some mile or so beyond, that Mr. F——, one of the occupants of the house, died last night.

After several hours consumed in riding, walking, and treading snow, I duly arrived at Mr. W——'s, and, after procuring the assistance of his cattle to help me through a large drift, informed them of the loss of their neighbor the previous night.

Mr. W—— was quite inclined to be reconciled to the loss, explaining that Mr. F—— had been a shiftless sort of a fellow, quite intemperate at times, and occasionally very cruel to his wife and family; whereupon Mrs. W—— remarked, that although that was very true, she did not doubt that Mrs. F—— would feel very sorry to bury him; and Mr. W——, looking out of the window at the huge drifts of snow that surrounded the house, and the large flakes that still continued to fall, said, "Yes, yes; who wouldn't feel bad to have to bury any one such as this?"—*Harper's Monthly.*

A SMART FELLOW went into a saloon in Virginia City, a short time ago, where a number of gentlemen were enjoying themselves, and inquired if they would like to be amused with some tricks of conjuring with cards. Of course they all said yes.

The stranger having placed about a dozen cards on the table, requested each gentleman to place a quarter on a card, which each was to select for himself. This done, the conjugalistic postscript changed the card from one card to another, and asked each of the gentlemen if the money on his card was his.

Of course they each said no, because their cards had been shifted to another card. "Then," said he, "if none of the money belongs to any of you, why it must be mine," and he pocketed it, remarking that "it was a fair transaction, because the cards belonged to nobody. Test follow me, please—to the postscriptary."

## THE ART OF Taming ANIMALS.

As a general rule, old animals are tamed with more difficulty than young ones. There are, however, exceptions to this rule, as we have experienced in several instances, especially one of some golden pheasants, in full plumage, which we purchased from strangers, and placed in a large wire enclosure. At first the birds were so timid that it was painful to us even to pass the aviary, where they ran about in great confusion at the approach of any human being. These birds will now, after a lapse of two years, not only take food from our hands, but seem to prefer this mode of feeding to their more natural habit of pecking from the ground. How is this effected? The first step towards gaining the confidence of wild animals, we have found, is to be made by avoiding, in the first instance, all sudden and startling movements towards them, thus feigning, as it were, a doubtful manner, which will greatly tend to increase their courage. We should begin our course of taming by approaching our intended pet by a slow and hesitating pace, retreating or halting at the first indication of fear in the object of our care. Although, perhaps, it cannot be denied that so-called cupboard love is the original source of the attachment of most animals to mankind, we must allow that this interested affection is of a better kind than at first sight it appears to be. It proves, at least, the animal's capability of gratitude, in which virtue, doubtless, mankind might take profitable instructions from the inferior animals. Be this, however, as it may, dumb animals are generally grateful for their food, so that it is by feeding we must begin our efforts to win their hearts, and this first step once made, the perfecting of our task becomes comparatively easy, for the animal no sooner ceases to fear its teacher than it begins to love him. The wild golden pheasants alluded to now halt our approach by a contented clucking sound like that made by a domestic hen to her brood; and although the aviary may be strewn with the green food occasionally supplied to the birds as a treat by the servant who attends to them, they will generally leave this *bona fide* withering and untouched on the ground, devouring without hesitation, from our hand, the identical food they had refused to eat in the ordinary manner. Aristotle says, "animals not only distinguish the difference of sounds, but also of signs." This is certainly the case with many of our favorites, who will obey the voice of a friend when a stranger may call them in vain. "That excellent thing"—a kind and soothing voice, has a wonderful effect in fascinating not only our own kind, but also the animals whose confidence we wish to win. By the method of taming referred to, we have lately succeeded in gaining the affection of a wild old peacock, which, although originally so wild that no one could approach sufficiently near to him to admire his beautiful plumage, will now follow us around extensive grounds, in bad weather, when we cannot go out, reminding us of his existence by sundry taps at our bedroom window, which he reaches by flying upon the veranda under it. By this system of *cautious kindness*, we have tamed not only the more familiar domestic animals, but have also proved that wild birds, garden mice, and even the naturally cold and shy fish may thus be rendered fearless and familiar. The Prussian carp, in our garden pond, has been so habituated to feed from our hands, that, even without the accustomed crust of bread, they will rise in shoals, allowing us to play with them and tickle their backs, at the same time nibbling our fingers without evincing the slightest fear at these familiar proceedings. Late in the summer, when there could have been no great scarcity of food, we have tamed red-breasts to come to our call and feed at our feet like young chickens. Most persons have observed the impudent familiarity of the house sparrow, no uninteresting pet, by-the-by, to those whose prejudice against this common little bird can give way to the wish honestly to study its character. Notwithstanding, however, this really pretty bird's love of frequenting the dwellings of man, it is ever shy in our presence, and suspicious of sinister intentions towards it; so that, if we would improve our acquaintance with it, the task must be performed gradually, and with due caution, not to startle our little friend in the first instance by over familiarity or any course of conduct towards him which might lead him to suspect any intention on our part to capture him, or deprive him of the liberty so needful to his well-doing. We have never succeeded in caging a sparrow for any length of time, even when reared from the nest, and have not met with any one who has been more successful in this matter than ourselves. Should the experience, however, of any of our readers differ from our own on this subject, we should gladly be informed of the fact.

R. A. C.

GENIUS.—The man of genius is not master of the power that is in him; it is by the ardent, irresistible need of expressing what he feels, that he is a man of genius.

"I once," said a friend, "saw a regiment of negroes on parade, and when they came to the 'right dress,' with the whites of their eyes all turned, it looked just like a chess board."

A negro once gave this toast: "De late Gubernator ob de State—him come in wild berry little opposition, him go out wild none at all."

SARCASTIC.—Avoid argument with ladies. In explaining pearls among sills and ankles, a man is sure to be worried and twisted. And when a man is worried and twisted, he may consider himself wound up.

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VOLUNTEER (To nervous old gentlemen who is smoking).—"Pray be careful with your cigar, sir! I've just drawn my gratis ammunition here, enough to blow us all into—" [Old gentleman flings away his weed and himself off the car immediately.]

## EFFECT OF FOOD.

Professor Maleschott, of Zurich, in a late work, dwells at great length upon the influence of diet on the intellect. The question, still susceptible of much investigation, is a very interesting one to theologians as well as physiologists. "It is a well-known fact," says Professor M., "that changes of food have transformed the wild-cat into the fire-side companion; from a carnivorous animal, with short intestines, it has, by gradually becoming accustomed to other food, become transformed into another being, enabled, by a long intestinal canal, to digest vegetable food, which, in its natural state, it never touches. Food, therefore, makes the most rapacious and perfidious animal in the world an inmate with man, agreeing with children, and rarely, except to a close observer, revealing its former gulfed character. Are we, then, to wonder that tribes of men become ardent, phlegmatic, strong or feeble, courageous or cowardly, thoughtful or unintelligent, according to the different kinds of aliments they take?"

SEVERE ON "PURE IVORY."—An exchange paper says maliciously:—"You carry a beautiful cane—it costs \$50—\$1 30 extra on account of its beautiful, pure ivory head. Your wife has a costly fan, with a pure ivory handle. In your pocket is a pure ivory-handled pen-knife, very pretty and fine. On your table is a set of knives and forks, with pure ivory handles, and a little extra expense they have cost for being pure ivory. The napkin rings are of pure ivory. The ring in which are the reins of your costly double harness is pure ivory. The handles of beautiful parasols are of pure ivory—and so on, with many articles useful and ornamental. But it happens that this 'pure ivory' is manufactured from the shin-bones of the dead horses of the U. S. army."

BOYS, HELP YOUR MOTHER.—We have seen from two to six great hearty boys sitting by the kitchen stove, toasting their feet, and cracking nuts or jokes, while their mother, a slender woman, has gone to the wood-pile for wood, to the well for water, or to the meat-house to cut a frozen steak for dinner. This is not as it should be. There is much work about the house too hard for women. Heavy lifting, hard extra steps, which should be done by those more able. Boys, don't let your mother do it all, especially if she is a feeble woman. Dull, prore housework is irksome enough, at best. It is a long work, too, it being impossible to tell when it is quite done, and then on the morrow the whole is to be gone over with again. There is more of it than one is apt to think.

TEN FRIENDS.—"I wish that I'd good friends to help me on in life!" cried Larry Denals, with a yawn.

"Good friends! why, you're ten," replied his master.

"I'm sure I've not half so many, and those that I have are too poor to help me."

"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master.

Denals looked down at his big, strong hands.

"Count thumbs and all," added the master.

"I have—there are ten," said the lad.

"Then never say that you have not ten good friends, able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do before you go grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."

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## Agricultural.

## KILLING FOWLS FOR TABLE USE.

A late number of the London Poultry Chronicle has an article on this subject, from which we extract the following suggestions, some of which are entirely new:—

"If the fowls are to be eaten on Thursday, let them be caught on Monday evening, and shut up in a basket absolutely without food or water until the next morning. Being quite empty, they must be killed, not by cutting the throat, but by breaking their necks. Take hold of the tips of the end or flight feathers of the wings, and the lower part of the thighs and knees with the left hand. Take hold of the head of the fowl in the right hand, turn it (the head) upward in the hand, and simultaneously pull up with the left hand, and press down with the right hand until there is a trifling jerk—it is the dislocation of the neck. Death ensues in a few minutes. If there is any doubt it can be easily solved by feeling the back of the bird's head—there will be found an 'ugly gap' between the head and the neck. When a fowl is bled to death it is very white, but it is often dry; when it is killed by dislocation of the neck it is juicy. As soon as the bird is dead indeed I should say directly it is dead—it should be plucked. The large feathers of the wings and tail should be pulled first. The reason why they should be plucked is that the fowl then gets immediately cold; it is for the same cause, essentially, that they should be killed early in the morning or late in the evening; the latter is preferable. Even in hot weather the fowl is spoiled nine times out of ten by the fermentation of the food, or the decomposition of the water that was in the body at the time of death. The bird, fatted and killed as we have described, may be drawn and trussed for the spit some hours before it is wanted, and in spite of hot weather it will be sweet, tender and juicy."

BEES AND HONEY OF GREECE.

The honeys of Hybla and Hymettus are at this day almost as celebrated as they were in the time of the classical Greek poets. The honeys of Corigo, of Zante, and many other places, continental and insular, are all fine, and each has its admirers. The honey of Leucadia is, perhaps, almost as good as any, and the descendants of the bees that fed Ulysses deserve some consideration. I was interested then in the little bee-garden on the site of the city of Leucadia. It was a rocky, barren-looking spot, and did not at first sight seem promising for the whole ground, for a great distance around, looks naked and without vegetation; but it is not really so. Every little crevice or interval between two stones, whether large or small, and not a few holes made by vegetation in the solid rock itself, contain some little flowering plant especially patronized by the honey bee. Rosemary and sage abound. I was not much surprised, therefore, to see the bees, but the hives rather puzzled me at first. They consist of small oblong boxes placed on end on a low stone, each box being covered by two or three tiles, evidently to keep off the heat of the sun in the summer. Two round holes, each about half an inch in diameter, sufficed for the bees to enter and emerge, and it did not seem to matter much where the holes were pierced. The boxes were constructed in the roughest manner, and seemed to be not two feet apart, and each box was about twenty inches high and nine inches square. The bees were exceedingly busy and perfectly good-tempered.—*Ant. de la Jonckheere in 1863.*

Sin has a great many tools; but a lie is a handle which fits them all.

## PLANT LARGE CROPS.

We observe that some of the Western newspapers appeal to their agricultural readers to put in large crops the coming spring. This is good advice. The producer and consumer have every reason to agree in this. A St. Paul editor, exulting in the prosperity enjoyed by the farmers of Minnesota, says:

"This calamitous war, either as the real or assumed cause, has swelled the price of the commonest products till they almost rival in value the fabulous golden fruits of Hesperides. When wheat commands a ready, firm price of from 80 cents to \$1 per bushel, oats 60 cents, corn \$1 15 to \$1 20, potatoes 50 to 60 cents, and onions are considered cheap at \$2 50 to \$3 a bushel, certainly even the most avaricious cannot complain that farming in Minnesota does not pay."

The same general facts hold true throughout the West, and should Europe be engulfed in war before another twelvemonth, which is more than possible, adding to the demand already existing, the American farmer is likely to be rewarded for his industry as never before. The support of larger armies at home, the operation of the conscription laws upon the labor market, the troubles which agitate the old world, all go to help the agricultural classes in the United States. Therefore plant every acre of arable that is possible. Wheat and corn are chiefly needed for export, but all the small grains, such as are produced plentifully in the Eastern and Middle States, to say nothing of potatoes and other vegetables, will find a ready market.—*Journal of Knowledge.*

GRAPE CUTTINGS.—It is a very simple operation to plant grape-cuttings. Those who have not much time to spare, should use cuttings with two buds, leaving half an inch of wood at each end. Throw out the dirt to the full depth of the cutting; plant so that the upper end of the cutting is visible; fill the dirt in with a garden trowel or small handfork, and press down firmly with the foot. The ground should be kept moderately moist, and in hot weather well mulched with grass. Most varieties of grape are easily grown in this way.

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